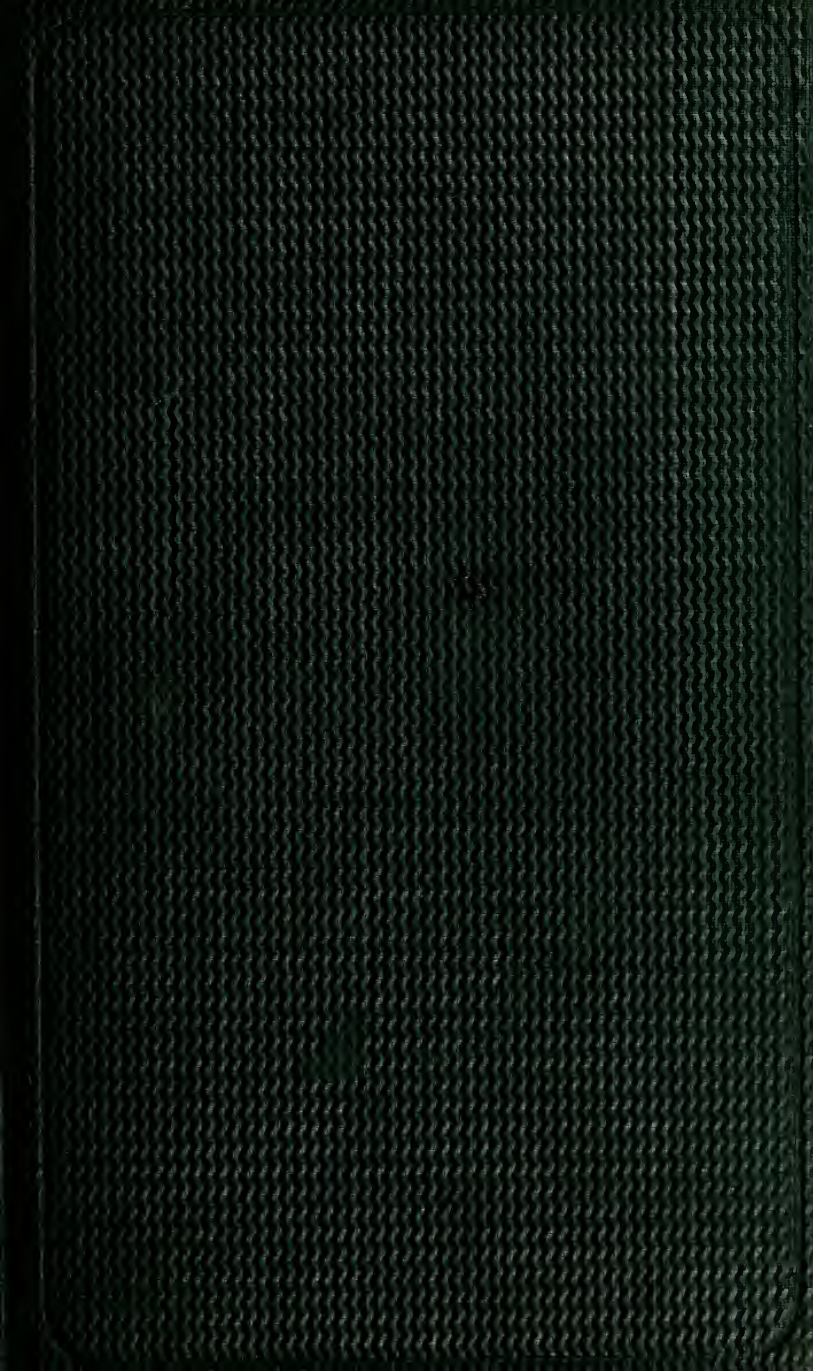






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EAST AND WEST;

OR,

ONCE UPON A TIME.

BY

J. FRAZER CORKRAN.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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VOL. III.

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NEW-STREET SQUARE

ONCE UPON A TIME.

CHAPTER I.

HAVE we not said that Edward, in presence of the mild solemnity, the awful placidness of his father's face in death, became steadied? It is a profound lesson, that of the inevitable termination of our feverish dream of existence. What doth it signify whether our few years have been passed in wealth or poverty, in peace or agitation, if the end for all be the same? It is not only the tragic existence that hath a tragic conclusion. The termination of life's drama, be it tragedy, comedy, or buffoonery, is alike tragic. The lesson is taught every day, but few heed it. Dr. Snob, whose first thought was to secure a patient, with ob-

sequious flattery and insincere attention, did not apply it. Edward did, and his mind became healed. "Man," he said to himself, "is not to live in this world of infinite perplexity of needs and troubles, merely shut up with his own care, whatever it be, whether one or multiple. He has a heavenly commission to fulfil, glorious responsibilities and noble trusts, to which, if he prove unequal, he is a poor thing, whatever be his position in the eye of society." So Edward resolved upon exercising mastery over himself. He would attend to every duty. He would administer rightly his large fortune. He would use every possible endeavour to recover his son—to make out the boy's mother, if living, and, if not living, to mark her resting-place with a tomb, the erection of which should be a labour of pious love. It would be unnecessary to go through the details of intercourse that must have obviously taken place. How he consulted Mr. Douglas, how he endured the pain of inquiry at Mr. Mathews', how he had to console Mrs.

Mathews and Cicely, called upon the Malthesons and advised with Just, became acquainted with D'Avray, and visited Lady Softworth. Letters were written to Mr. Henry Mathews; but Obady had not gone to his uncle's. Country advertisements in newspapers, offering rewards, failed, except to occasion worry and trouble by impostors, ever ready to turn all occasions to account. The police could obtain no clue to the track of the fugitives. Edward would probably have attained to that sort of passive happiness which results from the consciousness of having used one's best efforts, were it not for the harassing presence of two images in his mind. The discovery of his son had brought up the image of the mother with vivid freshness and actual presence. He could not calculate the possible effect of years and sorrow upon the beloved face, associated ever with youth, and fire, and tenderness; a blending of wild beauty, wild taste, wild genius, and all entrancing sweetness. He saw her as he had known her, and not otherwise.

The boy, was he not like her? How was it that he had failed to observe certain resemblances that now recurred to memory? The glossy, abundant hair, fairer than Kate's, because younger, but deepening into the same richness; the dark blue eyes had all the mother's in their intense depths; then the same fitful gusts of song, the spicy playfulness of mirth, the impetuous defiance of danger, but withal more eccentricity. The seed that sweetened the way-side hedge had been borne by the wind to the brow of a rock hanging over a precipitous torrent, where the flowers flaunted like a rash child, rejoicing in peril and mocking at fear. All that was graceful, and beautiful and winning, was hers. The perverting irregularity must have been derived from the unhappy father. The boy that fled was not as the confiding, faithful Kate; it was the wayward spirit of the man, Edward. What was wrong and blamable was all his own. Had he not been rightly punished? Would he not be mercifully forgiven? Would the loss be—not

for ever—could he meet again more than one ?

There was another image — ever palpable too and present, and feeding itself with an eternal lustre. It was a daily companion—a nightly dream—a tenant of the heart, and soul, and mind, that was not to be dismissed. With Lady Softworth's acquaintance was associated the new spring-time of returning health. It was her finger that had led up the rosy dawn out of his long dark night—it was her effulgent intelligence that had banished the heavy clouds—it was her tender talk that moved the contracted heart—it was from her spirit that his own had drunk life. She was a friend invested with the sanctity of her wedded condition, too unsuspecting of evil that dared not approach her thought, to hesitate in her disinterested administration to a suffering and ill-used man. She was the sister to the sorrowful. She was as the divine painter's creation of the compassionate virgin mother arrayed in the heavenly beam of eternal youth—she was

so *then*—when she was a married woman, and he an inmate of a quasi asylum, for such was the house of Elias Mathews. But *now* she is a widow, not wealthy; and he a free man, and rich. A free man!—was he a free man? Dare he say “would he were free!” He could not. Would that she would remain single for a time. There was a man whom he had observed (he thought of D’Avray),—one who would protect with all the might of overwhelming love, and such singleness of resolute passion would render his distracted hesitations very pitiful, in his own eyes at least. Was he to be ever—ever unhappy? He would write to her. He would lay the state of his mind before her. It might tend to no purpose; but it would relieve his heart of a load. And so he wrote:—

“DEAR LADY,—I want advice. I need it more than when I was seemingly relieved of care upon my own account. To whom shall I turn for counsel, if not to you?—to you who draw from greater depths than cold and timid calculations of the un-

moved mental faculties. You too have suffered—but you have triumphed. I suffer and tremble. Yet why should I ask you to teach me how to restore the balance of a mind so shaken? and how to bring back to equable flow the feelings of a heart which has never known gentle activity—at one time agitated as by broken waters in fierce strife, at another numbed as by the finger of death? Yes, why ask you, unless you could impart to me the divine nature which triumphs of itself, and by virtue of its own internal power? If you are to do me good—if you are to guide and save, it must be by more than the living word. I want ever present support—I want guidance—I want example—I want comfort. A great fortune has been bequeathed me; yet it should have come before, or never. How am I, who have never been allowed the management of my most common personal concerns, to undertake, single-handed, this important stewardship? I shrink from contact with a world to which I have so long lived a stranger that it seems to have dis-

owned me. I have nothing that suits me to men's ways, and I long to return, like a prisoner who has grown blind in his chains, to a solitude that has become a second nature. I shrink from my independence. I wish to lose it not, indeed, by return to an uncongenial oppression; but to merge it in the grander and more glorious independence of a loftier nature, and a companionship whose superiority will bring honour and consolation. I feel unequal to the administration of a great fortune according to the notions of a man who, a prisoner amongst books, and finding relaxation by the babbling brooks, that seek like bleating lambs, their way seaward, has lived in the contemplation of ideals beyond his means of realisation. Were I rich, I have said to myself, there should be no unrelieved want within my neighbourhood or beyond it, or as far as benevolence could reach. Yet were I to proclaim my intention, I should ring up fraud, and laziness, and imposition, and die an unpitied beggar at the end. I have therefore tried to limit my

view to some special kind of distress, and I have had a strange thought prompting me to the selection of the lowest abandonment, of the deepest vice, that is the greatest reproach to the selfish brutality that makes a jest of betrayed inexperience, youth, and weakness. As extremes meet, so would the enterprise demand that the highest purity should meet the deepest depravity; and as science sees no foul things on the way to its object, so should the soul behold no other than a soul. The orphan will ever find some parent's hand—one who has lost a child, or fears to lose it—and so of the various kinds of ordinary bereavement making natural claims upon protection; but the orphans of all society, whom society spurns, although victims and witnesses of its heartless guiltiness, will no one put forth a saving hand to them? This may be the dream of an enthusiast, realisable only to the exclusive notion of a monomaniac. But it proves at least that I want counsel. I dare not say to you all that I would wish to say, and which you will not even try to

divine. There are few things concerning which you can agree with me, and the last to claim your coincidence is the measure of my gratitude to her who rolled off the stone from the sepulchre. Can you imagine the gratitude of the blind restored to sight?—try to measure it by the joy. Look from under the shades of a tree at the green fields under a summer sun, and fancy what your emotions would be if seen for the first time. Even with our accustomed sight, we dwellers on the plain attain to the idea of a new sense when transported to the mountain. Fancy then the coolness of night upon the recovered eyes — how they would feast on the intensity of the depthless space—the symbol of eternity and of all time relieved by undazzling lights. Try to imagine this. Then think of me—the blind one; and yourself, the restorer. True, I was shut up with an image, and I loved *her* passionately. I love her still, and will ever. She is before me now—she seems to guide my pen, and to inspire my writing—she shares my gratitude to you. In

turning towards you, do I turn from her? If I could do so, you would despise me deservedly. But it is as if from another world she envelopes me in light. Ah! me; I am sorely distressed. I have much more to say, but my hand refuses to proceed; and if I hold back this incomplete, this unfinished letter, I know I shall not resume it; for reflection is what I cannot face. I cry to the winds, and start back from the echoes of my own voice. Take it—destroy it if you will; and meet me as if I had not written, or you not read, or cared to recollect—only meet me as usual. Deny me not your presence. Speak not, if you prefer silence; but let me not dwell in outer darkness alone with my wretched self.

“Adieu,

“EDWARD.”

The following answer came forthwith:—

“DEAR FRIEND,—Do not think me heartless if I say that I have no difficulty in answering your kind, and to me deeply-touching letter. I will not affect not to understand your meaning. I agree with

you that you want counsel and guidance ; but so do we all, and the deeper the sense of our want, the nearer are we to the attainment of the highest support. I rejoice to hear you speak of that sweet image which you have made present to my own mind ; for, believe me, you will meet your dearly-adored Kate again. I do not think I am superstitious, in the ordinary sense of the word ; but there are revelations to every mind, proved by circumstances so closely connected with one's own experience, that the proofs they bring, although intelligible to self alone, are yet irresistibly answering. Question your own heart, and ask if there be no presentiment, not again of vague, blind gropings after mysteries, but a conscious answer to the inquiry that fidelity to an honest love doth not pass unobserved and will not remain unrewarded. Must not the highest reward await the fulfilment of the highest injunction ? Oh, Edward, do not part with that image ; do not let it be obscured ; it has kept you pure and good, and will abide with you as an

angel! Consider what Providence has done for you! It is painful to allude to your recent loss—the temporary one I mean. Yet consider how the child was restored to you miraculously—how you, through sure instinctive affection, snatched him out of ignorance, and perhaps wickedness—how you breathed your mind into his; and although he has again disappeared, yet he bears with him a treasure of instruction and of love that cannot be lost; that he will return or be brought back again I cannot doubt, no more than that Providence has willed this circumstance for a purpose, the revelation of which will come at the appointed season. Wait resignedly—which does not mean wait without employing your best exertions for the boy's recovery; for may it not be that it is through such exertions you are yourself to become a true man, one strengthened through discipline? You will think such observations as wanting, perhaps, in kindness; for you will say to yourself, have I not already suffered enough? and my un-

feeling friend tells me that it is good I should suffer more. Such is not my thought. I try to arm you against the still existing trial, while I feel abashed by my own presumption. The wisest can only give the same advice as the weakest, which is to look to the source of all strength for support. Yet I must utter one reproach. Why should you tell me to destroy your letter? Oh, no; it is too good to destroy! There is in it mention of a plan, which should be written in letters of gold; and shame be on the hand that would consign so pure, so good, so charitable, and so just a thought to destruction! Yes, we shall meet, meet as usual, meet to take counsel together regarding this holy project. Let our conversation be as free as possible from self. You must walk steadfast in your loneliness, if loneliness it be, cheering your path onward to the day of meeting, wherever and however it is appointed to take place, with the performance of this contemplated good work. Whatever friendship can put forward for your support, you shall

have, cheerfully and zealously — more lies not in my power to bestow.

“ With unfeigned truth,

“ Your sincere friend,

“ MINA SOFTWORTH.”

CHAPTER II.

MR. DOUGLAS, as Lady Softworth's guardian, and in his capacity of lawyer, took upon himself the arrangement of her affairs, which gave him much employment. Her husband had died without making a will, and it required considerable investigation into the state of affairs, in order to ascertain how much of his property had escaped from bills, bonds, and mortgages before his widow's rights could be settled. Mr. Douglas becoming absorbed in his occupation, Count D'Avray was left much to himself, as indeed he desired to be — yet his acquaintances might have been numerous enough were his object simply to dispose of time agreeably. There was the Mathews' family, with which he was intimately connected through his brother-in-

law ; but he did not like going there. He felt that it was owing to the stupid cruelty of Elias that Obady had abandoned his home ; and the joy of a great discovery in the case of Mr. Lush turned into a bitter blow. Had the man exhibited sorrow, he might have pitied him ; or remorse, he might have soothed him ; but what he could not bear to look upon was his stolid self-assurance, his conviction that he had done his duty, and that Providence was, for the special advantage of his precious soul, sacrificing other beings who surely, as Count D'Avray thought, must be as worthy of Providential concern as himself. The man, too, had parted with his soft, slippery ways for a still more objectionable moroseness, on account of his worldly losses. The surviving partners in the bank would have nothing to do with the accomplice of the usurer Snap. To Edward he wrote whining letters, which produced better answers than he deserved ; for while Mr. Lush disclaimed for himself the right of interfering with the arrangements of a house of business in

which he had never taken any part, he enclosed a liberal sum of money, which he begged might be accepted as a gift from himself. Deborah tried a similar epistolary application with no less success. But neither Mrs. Mathews nor Cicely could by threats or cajolery be induced to essay the like experiment upon the good-natured Edward. When the mother put her pen to paper she found the lines ran on all about Obady, and in vain efforts to impart such consolation to the father of Jerry as she could not find for herself. But the idea of making cash out of paternal or maternal tribulation would have been a sacrilegious crime, such as she could not commit. To ask Cicely to write was to bid her weep, and to try to force her only occasioned violent agitation. Just was the comforter. He was not only the comforter of the mother and of Cicely, but of Mr. Lush ; and not only of Mr. Lush, but of Count D'Avray. His suggestiveness in the way of hope was wonderful. At all times his opinion of Obady's genius was exceedingly great ; and

he thought very highly indeed of Jerry's capacity — so, arranging their fortune according to their merits, it became hard to know where the advancement was to stop. That the two young gentlemen might at that moment be reigning favourites with the Shah of Persia — the one on his way to be Grand Vizier and the other Master of the Horse — was one of the least of Just's conjectures. Nothing was in his mind beyond Obady's reach. He must have good reasons of his own for observing mystery for a while about his movements. But Just hoped that the day he came home disguised as a pilgrim he would not carry the joke too far — that was all.

Had Just been of a mercenary temperament he might have taken advantage of Mr. Edward's friendly leaning towards him, but a thought of the kind never entered his head. Following his light-hearted instincts, it was to Count D'Avray he attached himself. It may be recollected that the Count had taken a liking to him from the first day he saw him, when beckoning Cicely

out of the room to tell her of what was passing below stairs between her father and brother. It was Just who had carried his letter to Lady Softworth; a letter which perhaps might prove the most important proceeding of his life; and with Just he could talk so much, or rather he had only to listen and allow Just to talk in his random, artless way, to hear all about Lady Softworth; of her manifold kindnesses shown in all sorts of tender, delicate, and considerate ways, a treasure of charms and virtues, which through this lad he had revealed to him, as a boy himself might stumble upon a priceless discovery. It was not that he had not learned all this by his own means, or that anything could be told calculated to throw more light upon a character of such exquisitely balanced proportions, but the little details were so pleasant to hear—the anecdotes, whose value consisted in their being characteristic and intelligible in their point only to those who knew her, for as abstract occurrences repeated to indifferent ears, most of those

details would have carried little precise import; but the conclusions which D'Avray drew from apparent nothings gave the whole person, as drops of dew hold the sun's whole image.

Count D'Avray visited in turn Mr. Samson Shepherd and the Bonds, Mr. Lush and Dr. Singleton, and did not dispute Mrs. Maltheson's claims to relationship, although quite unable to settle the exact degree to her satisfaction; they one and all had somewhat to say about her who was the sole object of his thoughts; but Just carried about him the very sweet and pure atmosphere of the lady whose protégé he was. The discourse of such a mistress with such a pupil, repeated by the pupil, was like listening to the discourse itself. When I said this, she answered so. Where the pupil saw words, the mistress saw the signs of fine thoughts, which she explained. D'Avray had something more to tell, which was the explanation of the explanation; and Just's admiration was excited in turn by the revealment of a super-added reflec-

tion, like the fine and distant tint which gives infinity to the rainbow. How strange and admirable to Just appeared the power of interpretation which, escaping his own inexperienced comprehension, could be supplied by one not present. Just's predominating faculty of wonder was so excited by these proofs of high intelligence that he could not help repeating his admiration to Lady Softworth, who was in turn surprised at the amazing subtlety of a commentator who could discover so much more in the text than the author meant to have put there. The author did not think the worse of the critic on that account; a perfume was not presumptuously added to the violet; the scattered leaves were reverently collected, and only doubly distilled in the alembic of an imagination fired by love. Could she repel the sweet scent notwithstanding its subtle intoxication? Could she repel it when presented by a hand so unconscious and innocent? Was it injurious to be prattled of in so ennobling a way? These things were not uttered for the pur-

pose of being told back again to her; nor were they pedantic displays of self-sufficiency; they were inspired thoughts — and by whom? — spoken for the advantage of a dear candid student. By how many invisible contrivances are the seeds carried to the proper soil! How little was Just aware of the blossoms that were to be due to his faithful bearing of precious speeches, that take root in the tender heart! D'Avray resolved that he would upon leaving take Just with him to France. He could see no obstacle to the fulfilment of his design. The mere mention of travel was enough to set Just's imagination expanding from east to west, and from north to south. His mother would desire nothing so much as that Just should make personal acquaintance with his noble relatives, as she would have them to be. If Lady Softworth should regret the loss of her friend, pupil, and companion, there was a triumphant argument in the attachment between him and Obady; for assuredly if the latter should by any means hear that Just was with his own Uncle Henry, nothing

would be more calculated to decide favourably an inclination which must be ever tending towards a relative whom he loved as he loved a comrade from whom he used to be inseparable.

Now the time was approaching when D'Avray should once more join his ship. He had already remained some months, excusing his stay with references, perhaps not altogether necessary, to the efforts he was making in sundry ways to discover the missing youths, one of whom was particularly dear to him, as the nephew of his own brother-in-law. He was in constant communication with Henry Mathews on the subject, whose grief and surprise were at first relieved by the conviction he entertained that Obady would act upon the invitation which it was now his best consolation that he had given to the poor boy. Each letter, backward and forward, contained suggestions such as Henry acted upon in France and D'Avray in England, and the only result was to allow the latter to remain where he truly most wished to be.

Will D'Avray descend in the opinion of admirers of unalloyed motive, if it be confessed that there was a little admixture of a certain sort of excusable selfishness in his resolution to carry off Just ? He knew that Just would most certainly correspond with somebody who was too polite and good-natured not to answer his letters, and through this pretty, indirect channel he would hear of this somebody, and this somebody would probably hear something of him. At all events, Just would be a living link between the place in which his heart resided and his own family, with whom he would be corresponding upon all possible occasions.

We need not accompany D'Avray in his round of farewell visits, nor tell how Mr. Shepherd begged his acceptance of a hymn book, with a pretty marker from Miss Bond, worked with her own hands, or how he would not leave without receiving the benediction of the blind old lady, nor speak of the presents he bestowed upon the ladies of the Mathews' family, or of the gold snuff-

box which Mrs. Maltheson gave him, filled with her favourite mixture, nor of the expressions of that lady's gratitude, mingled with hygienic recommendations, which her good boy most carefully noted, not heeding his stepfather's nose slightly marking disdain for medical advice, and only seeing the tear that stole from under his spectacles — nor record with particularity Mr. Lush's acceptance of an invitation to Paris — nor detail the memoranda taken from Dr. Singleton, touching certain scientific inquiries, which the noble sailor promised to answer in due time. But there is one interview at which the fair reader will insist upon being present, and we will soon venture upon her account to peep in through the door, which is not hermetically closed, notwithstanding the opinion expressed in the French proverb, *Il faut qu'une porte soit ouverte ou fermée*.

As Count D'Avray and Just were to go together, it seemed only proper that they should take leave at the same time, and as Mr. Douglas stayed in the house, he, too,

must be present. The old gentleman looked much pleased because his ward had obeyed his request to lay aside her weeds upon the last occasion of her seeing Count D'Avray and Justin Forbes. It was in gentle and persuasive defiance of Mr. Douglas's indignant protest that Lady Softworth wore a widow's cap. There was no use in telling her that it did not become her, for the argument would have been of no avail, even if true, which it was not. In fact, her beauty was not to be marred by the most melancholy millinery. She it was who adorned what she wore, and we fear that she must be held answerable, albeit unconsciously, for many experiments in dress by lady imitators, which occasioned inexplicable disappointment. Mr. Douglas would assert that, in the case of a man's death whose life had been disgraceful, there ought to be no conventional compliance with custom, in which the heart could have no share. But she argued, not with more sweetness than justice, that, as she had responded to his dying prayer for forgive-

ness, so would she wear the sign of that forgiveness being complete. Reconciled at the last moment, he died her husband. But a request to put off mourning for an hour, no matter what the reason, even though no better than the whim of one whose very whims were worthy of kindly respect, was not to be refused. When D'Avray came with Just to take farewell, he found Lady Softworth attired in a second mourning lilac dress. Her hair was allowed to shine in unadorned luxuriance ; and as he watched her soft eyes, never so full of intense sensibility as now, and saw the glow which the agitated heart threw up to the cheek, he fancied her an embodiment of the twilight hour, when, the star rising while yet the heaven blushed, he used to think of her as he could never think at any other hour. Was it the serenity of the moment and its freshness, or was it the blending of all the beauties of the world below and the world above which takes place at the twilight time, as if the spirits of all fair things embraced before yielding

to the coming deep repose? What was it that used then to recall her with a sort of shadowy vividness to his memory? How strange! there she was, as it were, in twilight hues of dress and melancholy, and yet too beautiful for sorrow. Was it not cruel that there should be observant eyes upon him, when he felt his soul rushing out, and must seem mad, or foolish, or stupid to all save one, but to her intelligible, if she only shared the slightest spark of the fire which must either ennoble him to superhuman glory or consume cruelly? Just happily fidgeted, from the moment he came into the room, like a little inexperienced hypocrite, who has undertaken to play a part and is too honest by nature to play it well. He did, however, blunder out in pretty good style the tremendous interrogatory with which he was charged, and which he was to let fly at the head of Mr. Douglas, asking him whether he had seen the splendidly bound Horace his father had given him, with the Maltheson arms emblazoned thereupon, quartered with those of D'Avray. Mr.

Douglas, at the sound of Horace, pricked his ears like an old hunter in the field, and allowed himself to be carried away by Just, with a concentrated simplicity afterwards admitted by the lovers — oh ! a good long time after — to have been very charming. And they were alone.

D'Avray had no need to speak, for never was look stamped with more eloquent expression, with the advantage which the tongue cannot always ensure of being believed to be true. He did declare his love, however, in unpremeditated terms of passion, and of delicacy against which no premeditated wariness could have been set up ; for the meeting in the way it had happened became to both a surprise, less, however, to him than to her. Such a torrent of tender avowal, uttered in the earnest, low dreamy voice of a swarm of buzzing bees laden with most exquisite treasure, could not be repeated afterwards by the inspired improvisatore of love ; nor by her whose senses retained no more than the memory of a wild impassioned music, ever to rest on

the ear as the retained song of the sea-shell, with a heart beating time responsively. He told her at last that the call of duty obliged him to go far, far away; that her image would ever be with him, as it had ever been, and that it would depend upon her whether that image should ever haunt him with despair, or cheer him with hope. Despair or hope,—whether condemned to the one or led on by the other, he would love her with an undying love—she could render him happy—or she could render him miserable; but she could not render him insensible or indifferent. Would she then say but the one—the one little word—only one, and no more—would she say “hope?” The answer seemed not to issue from her lips, but an angel’s finger traced the letters in the hieroglyphics of a compassionate smile, faint, but not weak. He took the hand that was not withdrawn, the gentle unresisting hand, that yet smote at his heart, terribly almost.

“A nicely-bound Horace, indeed! but the right binding, my dear boy, is that of

the head, and, when you are as old as I am, it will be of the heart, too."

"I will bind with head and heart together."

"That is the right way," said Mr. Douglas, as he re-entered,—“is it not, Count D'Avray?”

The Count assented; but did not apply the remark to Horace.

CHAPTER III.

SOME three years after the occurrences already detailed in this history,—and to speak with nearer approach to precision as to dates than has been hitherto thought necessary, it was in the month of February of the memorable year 1848,—two ladies stood upon the terrace of the garden of Versailles, enjoying the fresh evening breeze, and the sunset, which the sheet of water westward, called the *Canal d'Hortense*, rendered beautifully effective.

It was fine weather for the season, bright, and even balmy, a sort of anticipation of the spring, such as not unfrequently happens in the month of February.

“How difficult it would be,” said the younger lady, who was English, “for a painter to represent the colours upon that

water—those of the sky seem not impossible, notwithstanding their amazingly swift gradations, so delicately soft withal—but the water seems to have a life of its own, and a transmuting power of its own. I am no flatterer, Celestine, but it is like your own vivid dark eye at this moment, when you are thinking of more absorbing things in your own impassioned way.”

The lady so addressed, whose *tournure* was unmistakably French, looked more blandly at her companion than might have been thought possible for her quick, proud, impetuous but highly intellectual features to assume, as she answered—

“ I know what you are thinking of too, my dear. You believe that a French woman cannot have the same sensibility to natural beauties of landscape, that accord so well with your less artificial nature. Believe me that you will, after you have been here as long as I have been, learn to do justice to the land of art.”

“ In clipping these plants into foolish fantastic shapes, beehives, and urns, and

lopping away the free, graceful luxuriance of the trees ? ”

“ These are blemishes, and yet not to me disagreeable, simply because they are associated with the general effect ; and I would not remove them, no more than would a lover the mole from his mistress’s cheek, as your favourite classic poet, I think, happily says.”

“ Well, the blemishes are atoned for by this bright jewellery of fountains. I should like to see a cloud of spray envelop yonder Apollo and his horses dash through the foam.”

“ Your wish is accomplished, thou goddess, or witch, or geni, or whatever name belongs to thy potent spirit.”

The simple fact was that, as frequently happened, the waters were set to play in order to test the unimpeded freedom of the works. The motive did not mar the effect, and the strange English lady lost her breath in surprise and delight. The sunlight which passed through the plumed spray and came up the long piece of green sward with a

soft smile as upon a grave, threw a fragmentary rainbow over the Latona triumphing over her poor frogs, from whose mouths fell as melancholy complainings as water could express, and striking the windows of the palace lit them up with red golden fire. The English lady looked about in a whirl of admiration, trying to see all, and lose no detail. There was the *Venus accroupie* in soft, rich, pulpy marble; and there were white sculptured vases, each a study; and there was the water chorus from wood and water spirits dimly distinguished. Here she hurries to an alley, whose cathedral aisle perspective is closed by a lofty cone of the silver spray, which at a distance might appear the spiral shrine of the temple; and there stands before a cascade issuing from a cavern where white horses slake their thirst; and there again is in a circular court amidst a circle too of liquid columns, and the vision is gone.

“Confess, my dear, that art is not amiss when she lovingly combines with nature. This Versailles seems to most people, and

to strangers particularly, a cold place, out of which life has departed; but it grows, like all fine things, upon those who sojourn for a while. This park, which to the unacquainted eye appears stiff and artificial, is to my mind, taking it in with knowledge, a poem in trees, as a grand building is a poem in stone and marble. Le Notre, with his fine circles and his lines radiating from them, was an artist of the highest order."

"The surrounding woods are very beautiful, and there is so much sweet variety, and in every direction."

"There, again, how you escape from me! Nay, I will hold you, and convert you to my way of thinking by gentle violence. I will not give up my château, either."

"Your mausoleum of right, divine monarchy! The artists who covered ceilings with Louis, painted as a bewigged god, ordering the Fates to destroy the towns of industrious burghers, little guessed that they were holding up him and his system to immortal horror."

“Come, you are catching my vein — when I speak of my château I do not refer to *salle de glace* or *œil-de-bœuf* — to finely-feathered arrogance and finely-dressed slavery. I am thinking of those long, low, quiet galleries at the top, devoted to historical portraits of great men and great women — for it is in this respect our history shines. French women at all times appear in the foreground, taking their due part in public life.”

“Not always usefully, I fear.”

“What matter? — usefully or not, they are there where they ought to be. Some using their opportunities well and some ill, but altogether casting grace and spirit over events. It is such a romantic drama, our history, and it lives so vividly in those incomparable memoirs, written for the most part by women, too, who have been actors in what they describe, and describe with the spontaneous freshness of females who narrate naturally, and do not encumber their pages with heavy disquisition.”

“Yet you have had no female sovereigns,

Celestine; and what have you got to say about your ungallant Salic law?"

"True, we have had no absolute sovereigns, but have we not had distinguished female regencies, which I like better? — for a Reine Blanche watching a kingdom while the saintly Louis is in Palestine, or an Anne of Austria guarding, as it were, the cradle of the monarchy, amidst the stormy intrigues of the Fronde, presents woman even in a truer position, because blending her strong feelings with her reason and her will. You must read French history over again with me, and our muses of history shall be the De Mottevilles, Sévignés, and beautiful Longuevilles and Lafayettes, down to the Campans and De Genlis, and this noble place shall be re-peopled for us, and we will live together in the past, for the present is not worth thinking about."

"My dear Celestine, I should have thought otherwise. I should have supposed that, with a constitutional government and a virtuous court, those great results of our

own history a mind like thine would have been most satisfied."

"There is nothing, my dear, so irritating and happily so perishing, as the false semblance of a true thing. I could be legitimist, as I was once bending the knee to consistent despotism, relieved by the sanctities of time, or a republican, as I am now; but I cannot bear this fraudulent compromise, in which nobles and people are alike cheated, and a monopoly given to the class which, without the chivalry of the one, possesses not the impassioned aspirations of the other—a mere peddling money-grubbing class, whose law of life is low sensual enjoyment and selfishness. I wish Justin Forbes were home to tell us how the debate proceeds in the Chamber."

"What a faithless pair we are, Celestine, leaving those poor gentlemen to find their way to us as best they can, while we are discussing history and affairs of State!—are we not presuming too much upon our rights of woman?"

"How much stronger my brother walks!

he looks altogether so much better, and for your sake, Mina, as much as for his own, I rejoice at his recovery. What a delightful wedding prospect there is before us! Come, do not blush at a word from your sister."

"Was it not strange, Celestine, that, after encountering perils by sea and land for years and years, Count D'Avray should, while entering port and answering a salute, be laid low by a trivial accident?—the mere bursting of a gun; but how ungrateful to complain, seeing how mercifully he has been saved!"

"I do believe, Mina, the accident was decreed for your sake."

"For mine!—how, dear Celestine?"

"How should I have known you had it not happened? Truly I had heard much of a gentle, refined, good, charitable, accomplished Lady Softworth; but well as I had learned to think of her, what was she to the eager, spirited, devoted woman, who, upon learning that the man of her heart lay maimed at Toulon, hesitated not a moment? The day that you passed through Paris and

would not accept a night's repose, but swept by like a meteor in its heavenly glory, I loved you, Mina—loved you for ever; a true, worthy woman after mine own heart."

While Madame Mathews was delivering this speech she was impetuously hastening along, with Lady Softworth by her side, to meet Count D'Avray and Henry Mathews, who were descending from the terrace, where they themselves had been standing when the great waters drew them away in search of picturesque effects.

"Celestine, I know what you've been doing," said Henry Mathews; "you've been trying to convert the gentle Lady Softworth into a republican, a rebel, a destroying angel; throwing society topsy-turvy, with the rights of woman planted thereupon."

"Henry, dear fellow, I shall take care not to make rebel or republican of you, as I mean to keep you safe by my side for ever and always."

"Where Henry should ever like to be," answered our old friend, still the same pleasant, lively being, stouter in person and

more mellowed in manner; such a one as in old age might be expected to ripen into a genial humourist. His bantering vein was not the less respectful towards his wife, whose manner, like her intelligence, was quick and commanding, and set off with a spirited grace, which, like her face and general appearance, bore close resemblance to her brother.

Count D'Avray, having his right arm in a sling, with a little of the ceremoniousness of a true Frenchman, removed his hat with the left hand, making his usual salutation before he gave it to each lady in succession, taking Lady Softworth's the last, that he might retain it the longer, cunning strategist that he was, notwithstanding his graceful dignity of manner.

"Are you a rebel, Mina?" he asked, but with an expression which most certainly was not intended to convey a political meaning.

"Am I not a true and loyal subject?" answered the lady, as ladies sometimes will answer, with another question, which lightly

shifts the burthen of defence off their own shoulders.

A gentle pressure of the hand was the only reply.

“Ladies,” said Henry, “as the weather is so fine you may spend a delightful day or two, if so inclined, at the Vaux de Cerney with Captain Cuffe, from whom we have just parted. He wanted to stay and pay you his respects, but the ride home is so long and lonely, and he such a heedless scapegrace, that we ventured to promise for you. The change will do Alexandre good.”

“Not a bad idea—what do you say, Mina?”

“With all my heart. I like to meet an Irishman, because ——”

She paused.

“Because of that poor dear Kate, who seems to haunt you like a spirit.”

“Chiefly on that account, it may be, but for their own sakes as well. I like their warmth and chivalrous tenderness; while their faults are so evidently those of heedlessness that, however unfortunate in their

consequences to themselves and others, they are of all perhaps the most pardonable."

"Then we do go to Cuffe's?"

"Provided there be no shooting," added Lady Softworth, with a slight shudder and painful look at D'Avray.

"Alexandre cannot shoot with his left arm."

"Cannot he, indeed?" answered Madame Mathews. "I would not have you trust to anything short of a promise."

"Well, I do promise not to handle a gun, or go within smelling distance of powder."

"You will stay with Celestine and me."

While D'Avray and Lady Softworth had fallen a little behind—how could they help it, seeing that D'Avray had not quite got over the effect of a broken rib?—Henri and Madame Mathews, who laboured under no infirmity, were in conversation at a distance too great to be heard.

"Mina had better be accompanied by her English waiting-maid, Sally; for I fear, Henri, that Captain Cuffe's establishment is not of the most orderly character."

“ Unless dogs of all kinds, and of every variety, from the one-eyed fighting veteran, to whose collar he has humorously appended the cross of the legion of honour, down to the wiry cur he took in for charity, can be made to serve.”

“ Which they cannot. As for myself, Henri, you know how I dislike being encumbered with attendants, in curious country places, where I wish to roam about freely; but for her sake —— ”

“ I am sure that, if consulted, she would answer as you do.”

“ It is precisely upon that account that I think it better not to ask questions, but request Sally to attend us as a matter of course.”

“ Why not take your own French maid ? ”

“ By no means. Mademoiselle would require another carriage for millinery; while Sally will only think of her own immediate comforts.”

“ Then let it be Sally, with tea in one pocket and English mustard in the other.”

D'Avray and Lady Softworth had for-

gotten all about the invitation, and had travelled together over thousands of leagues of sea, for time and distance now seemed to have disappeared; and why could he afford her no details, but still answer as if his life had been a single thought? Why is Jacob's seven years' service for Rachel told in a single verse, and these seven long years appeared as nothing for the love he bare her. Oh, sublime biblical brevity! Beat out this ounce of gold into gilding for a wire that would go round the earth, ye admirers of small detail, but give up the hope of man bearing the treasure in his heart to preserve it pure and sweet for the servitude that dwells with freedom.

They are now at home in their good old château, situate close to the park, on the Boulevard de la Reine. The upper-room windows command views of the Trianons, for which reason Madame Mathews chose the house; and besides that, the walk thereto was easy and cheerful. It was the first place to which she had taken Lady Softworth, who was entranced with the rare

and beautiful trees, for nowhere are more beautiful to be seen than in the garden of the Lesser Trianon. There is a willow transplanted from the waters of Babylon, on which the harp of a Hebrew captive may have hung, under which our Lady sat while Madame Mathews talked of Marie Antoinette, and the Court ladies who masqueraded as shepherdesses in the village that still stands a monument of an artificial Arcadia, upon the edge of a burning gulf—lamb-folds unconscious of the pack of ravening wolves connected with one of the world's most tremendous tragedies were these cottages—and these plagiarisms from poverty and innocence by sated greatness stand now in thatch and plaster as sacred as the Pyramids; and if pious wishes can preserve frail things recording royal pastimes, the precursors of royal overthrow in degradation and blood, they will be as enduring. But they are not looking at Trianon now; but seated at table, wondering why Justin Forbes should be so unusually late.

At length he arrives—Justin Forbes, now tall and flexible, and on the verge of manhood, with decided mien, and voice that, having lost the softness of the boy's, has not yet deepened into the man's. Just is flushed and excited, as he sits down to dinner, and is evidently charged with some piece of intelligence from the Foreign Office, in which he holds a situation, procured for him through the united interest of Mathews and D'Avray, as a stepping-stone to a possible diplomatic career.

“Ministers are out—leg or wing, whichever you please!”

“Ministers out!—good news that,” said Mr. Henry Mathews; “now Just, take a good glass of wine, and tell us all about it.”

What Just told being now matter of history, we will run over in a few words.

A demonstration in support of Electoral Reform had been appointed to take place in the capital, in the form of a banquet. Already had a series of Reform banquets been celebrated throughout the country, and everywhere it seemed to have been recog-

nised that a constituency of less than a quarter of a million was not sufficient for a population of thirty-six millions of people. The Ministry, although commanding a large majority in the Chambers, had yet been severely handled by the opposition, which, taking advantage of the debate upon the address, in reply to the King's speech, went through every question of public policy, which was discussed with extraordinary power of close criticism and sarcastic eloquence. Instead of seeking to conciliate opponents, the Ministry determined to brave them, and the Reform banquet, which in the capital was to have been the crowning and completing demonstration, was stopped. Great agitation followed. The National Guard, when drawn up to preserve order, declared for Reform—the Ministry resigned—and when Just had left Paris by the railway train, the people were preparing to celebrate the triumph of Reform, promised by the King, with a general illumination.

Justin Forbes was of that age when, the

sympathies being stronger than the judgment, the heart goes altogether one way; that is to say, with the prejudices of family and of caste—or the reverse. Justin Forbes shared the popular feeling. It would have been strange if he had not, seeing that the dispute had grown out of the small demand of an addition to the Electoral body of persons who had taken university degrees, or were members of liberal professions. This was the question of what was called the Capacities. But the Minister, in whose office Justin served, and who had frequently honoured him with his notice, was a man to engage the reverence of a cultivated young gentleman. He was a person of great learning, eloquence, and courage, which, with the purity of his private life, would have secured him high honour and reputation, had he confined his course to the elucidation of history and philosophy. Justin would have worshipped him had he become a convert to Reform; and he deplored his fall, wondering how so wise a statesman should be so egregiously wrong.

Instead of recording the conversation that followed, we shall wait until Madame Mathews' guests arrive, for it so happens that this is her weekly reception evening, when her neighbours drop in for a little pleasant conversation, which, with tea and *eau sucrée*, make up the whole expense. Oh! social, easy, Parisian life, as it was in those days. Heigh-ho!

CHAPTER IV.

THE bougies were lighted in the salon before the chimney-piece mirror, and being reflected from the glass opposite, exhibited an endless perspective. The crimson silk curtains were drawn over the windows, fauteuils and sofas arranged with a light hand to sure effect, and the large wood fire caused the well-waxed oak floor to glow forth a warm mellow brown; and the first to arrive were M. de la Ferme and M. Tronchet.

M. de la Ferme, a tall, slight, well-proportioned man, of thirty years or so, had something of the ecclesiastic in his appearance. He generally wore a frock-coat, buttoned to the throat in a sort of priestly way; his hair, brushed off a high forehead, curled at his shoulder. Prim and intellectual he would have seemed, only for the

refined and almost feminine sensibility of his fine pale features and softly luminous eye. You would have set him down at once for the leader of a mystical socialist sect, and you would not have been very much mistaken.

On the other hand, M. Tronchet, of perhaps the same age, looked as much older than his years as the other looked younger. He was a dark, little man, who seemed always buried in his own reflections.

Being asked, severally, their opinion of the state of things, M. de la Ferme answered that, for his part he took no interest whatever in political questions, viewed merely as such. Why he did not, was for the reason that he bought and studied such literature only as was current amongst the people, and it had led him to the conclusion that, as the working classes read merely such works as bore upon their own social condition, they cared not for political changes, except as means to an end ; society was therefore going on blindfolded to a socialist revolution. He blamed the Government

for its ignorance of what was passing, not in the upper regions of party, but amongst the masses.

This was no encouraging view of the situation. What has M. Tronchet got to say ?

M. Tronchet believes, like M. de la Ferme, that the tendency of society is evidently towards democracy. The crown being on the head of a young dynasty, sprung from a revolution whose aspirations it has not satisfied, is without prestige. The upper classes call it traitor for one reason, and the lower for another ; it is not supported by nobility, priesthood, or people. It rests upon the *bourgeoisie*, which is deceptively and incorrectly called the middle class, because, unlike the middle class in England, with which it is erroneously identified, it is not merged by insensible gradations into the other classes above and below. It stands out in hard exclusiveness, monopolising the legislature, which it has turned into a miserable machine for the perpetrating of selfish objects of all kinds ; so

that the Chamber is a mere representative of class interests in combination against progress. The Electors, few in number, and thinking only of their own gain, stand equally apart from the people; and the Minister's mistake—and it is a fatal one—is to think such a shifting, corrupt, and narrow basis secure. The whole system is condemned.

“Right!” cried the Marquis de Fleur de Lis, who, large in figure and of turbulent fussiness of manner, had yet introduced his well-dressed person so quietly as not to have been observed by the speaker; “Right!—the whole system must come down smash, and there must be a season of confusion and suffering, as a necessary preliminary to the restoration of the rightful monarch.”

“Who talks of restoration?” cries M. Renverse, accustomed to break a lance with the legitimist Marquis; “the system is indeed condemned, as your own has been, by the good sense of the people, whose turn is now coming.” M. Renverse was a well-

looking young man; but in his large luminous eyes burned a wild and gloomy fanaticism. He wore his beard according to the fashion, and it was carefully cut and combed; and altogether his dress was more in accordance with the costume of the upper class he devoted to ruin, than with that of the *prolétaire* who was to be lord and master of the Republic.

“*Doucement, mon ami,*” interfered a little pragmatistical gentleman, M. le Brun; “we must not alarm society unnecessarily. We must proceed by convincing all classes that it is their interest to smooth the way to the new creation, which need not be preceded by chaos. We shall proceed simply and logically. You will grant that all men have equal rights to all enjoyments.”

“To equal laws and equal protection, you mean,” said Henry Mathews.

“To all enjoyments, I repeat, and mean.”

“But all men do not enjoy the same things. Tastes differ.”

“Precisely so. Now we go on without

any disagreement ; each man has a right to the satisfaction of his requirements. Should he like to go every night to the play he ought to be provided with the means."

"But if he be unable to earn the price of superfluities ?" inquired Henry Mathews.

"My dear Sir, there is no such thing as superfluities, and he need not work any more than his strength allows."

"The strong then must work for the weak ?"

"Of course he must, and willingly, under a system whose end is the gratification of the wishes of all."

"Where is the capital to come from ?" asked the same thick-minded Englishman, who was answered with a chorus of compassionate feeling for his ignorance, in which M. de la Ferme, M. Renverse, and M. le Brun equally joined.

"Capital is the tyrant of society, which will be banished from the Republic."

"I believe it will run away of itself."

"We shall substitute association in place of the enslaving principle of employer and

employed," mildly laid down M. de la Ferme.

"You cannot," observed M. Tronchet, "establish such a plan without previous education and moral training, teaching, enlightenment, and self-restraint."

"Self-restraint!" sang out the same chorus, with the same compassionate contempt. "Self-restraint," cries M. Renverse, "is the hypocritical doctrine of priests and aristocracy, for the sake of making the poor contented with their base condition. Aristocracy! There is an end of feudal tyranny indeed; but it is replaced by the tyranny of capital in the hands of a bourgeoisie, that must in turn be destroyed."

"Not destroyed, my friend," interposed the bland M. le Brun; "the cause of fraternity must not be dishonoured by the scaffold. The bourgeois is an erring brother, who must be converted to the Christian principle of equality."

"Come, come," cried Mathews, "leave out talk of Christian principle, if you please. Christianity teaches contempt of

riches, and exalts fortitude, while your system sets up self-indulgence, which is nearer Mahomedanism.”

The dispute into which the conversation was sinking was interrupted by the arrival of two literary gentlemen of distinction, to whom the news was told, and the arguments of the different speeches narrated. M. Raphael was a tall, elegantly-formed, handsome man, of any age between twenty-five and fifty. As he listened to each speaker, he agreed with him. If he agreed with him, it was because he seemed to understand what the speaker intended better than did the speaker himself, for as soon, or rather before the latter had finished, he would take up his words, which he would enlarge into an oration of the most highly embellished character; so that by a process of self-conviction he became in turn a more idealised M. de la Ferme—a more profound M. Tronchet—a more chivalrous M. de la Fleur de Lis—a more sweepingly destructive M. Renverse—whom he charmed by a eulogium upon Robes-

pierre, and finally reconstructed society with the trowel of M. le Brun, which in his hands turned into shining silver, laying on mortar wet with rose-water; and so charmed all parties that they resolved upon electing M. Raphael to be First President of the French Republic, whereupon he reproved them for the narrowness of their views, confined, as they seemed to be, to a *French* republic — no! the time was coming for a fraternity of nations waiting for a new messiah.

“And I am he!” portentously exclaimed the other literary gentleman, M. Saint Michel, who had been standing all the time with folded arms.

“Yes, thou art he,” said M. Raphael, turning round and pronouncing a eulogium upon M. Saint Michel, which would have embarrassed any other man and would have sounded like insincere irony from any other lips than those of M. Raphael, who never thought for a moment beforehand of what he was going to say, believed in what he said while speaking it, and forgot all the

moment after, except the figure of himself upon the pedestal, with the eyes of beholders turned up in admiration. M. Saint Michel received the speech as a feeble testimony to his own unquestionable divinity; but not being an extemporaneous orator, and never deigning to utter a familiar expression, M. Saint Michel laboured to find oracular sayings in the form of strained antithesis.

The entry of Madame Dubois, the wife of a diplomatist, asking everybody for news, and frightened about her husband's position, happily broke up a conversation which, to Henry Mathews, augured ill for a republic, of which, if the upper stratum should be composed of such frail and fantastical materials, what would be the lower? — which was annoying to Madame Mathews, because she felt it to be undoing Lady Softworth's conversion — vexatious to D'Avray, who was ashamed of such doctrines, and startled by such divisions, and who, as being responsible for Just's presence there, feared for the example of such demoralising opinions.

“I have heard you all,” said Henry; “and you all are agreed upon one point — that the monarchy of the barricades must go down. But what will you put in its place?”

“Henri V.,” answered one.

“The *République honnête et modérée*,” spoke another.

“The *République rouge*,” said a third.

“*La République démocratique et sociale*,” cried a fourth.

“Is there no other possible system?”

“None — none.”

“What say you to the Empire?”

The question was met by a unanimous shout of derisive laughter — and the *Soirée* was over.

CHAPTER V.

SETTING out upon their visit next morning to Captain Cuffe's, the little party warned Justin Forbes to despatch a messenger in case anything extraordinary should happen, the ladies enjoining him to take good care of himself, which of course he promised to do, with the well-assumed gravity of manner usual with young gentlemen upon occasions of expected adventure.

It was a breezy drive, over the hills of Satory, and pleasant was the descent through the wooded glen, and when the road ceased for awhile to be picturesque, there was still to citizens the fresh sense of feeling far out in the country, with nothing to remind of the town. After Chevreuse the character of the country changes—the landscape becomes wild, barren, and picturesque, with rocks

and purply-red heath. One who had slept by the way might have supposed that his eyes opened on Brittany. At a turn of the road the coachman pointed to a pretty mill at no great distance, indicating that it stood at the top of a glen, the entrance to which was immediately on the right, and through which the party would find *une promenade agréable*.

The glen proved to be something more than an agreeable walk. It was a little scene of the wildest beauty which took the visitors by surprise—a glen completely shut in between lofty rocks, at both sides of which great fragments had become detached, and these lay or hung about in all sorts of fantastic ways, overgrown with lichen and moss, and up the hill sides little hardy trees, that held on how it seemed a puzzle to make out, and through the bed of the glen dashed a mad little stream, which, having done its work at the mill, seemed determined to enjoy its liberty, foaming and frisking through the rocks like a runaway troop of bright-eyed frightened

kids. The pathway was narrow, devious, and at times slippery. Here it would run by the edge of a tiny precipice, the depth half hidden by wild foliage, beneath which the water might be heard babbling and gurgling in its own impetuous way; and there it became necessary to use both hands to turn some huge mossy boulder that had encroached upon the narrow pathway, and if any merry haunting spirit sat thereupon, no doubt he enjoyed the necessity which compelled the fair ones to accept gallant assistance. There was a lady who was very anxious about a gentleman with an unhealed broken arm; and a gentleman still more anxious about a lady whose arms were sound and beautiful. Two could not walk or climb side by side; and it so happened that Lady Softworth being in advance was stopped by the sounds of voices. At a bend of the bed of the cascade, forming a kind of resting-place, where the waters fell into a natural basin, stood two women of respectable appearance attired in plain black dress. One had taken off her bonnet, ex-

posing her hair, which was as white as the down-foaming water. She had dipped her face into the pool, saying to her companion —

“How refreshing! This place delights me more than I could have supposed possible for any earthly scene!”

“I am so happy to hear you say so—it is indeed an enchanting spot.”

“It is not so much upon its own account as that it recalls scenes of my youth, such as I thought were only to be found in my own country; it does, indeed, look like enchantment, for I could imagine this place to have been cut, as it were, out of glens, so like—so like — yet we had better go.”

“To-morrow we shall visit Port Royal; and then——”

“And then, adieu—dear, dear fragment of my own wild land!”

As she turned round her head, unconscious of being observed, she presented a face which, to Lady Softworth, seemed absolutely divine. The water had freshened a complexion naturally of pure rose;

and whether it was that, thinking of youthful days, her face assumed a youthful look, or that she may have been younger than her white hair would indicate, so it was that, to Lady Softworth's eyes, she appeared a young—very young woman. Had she met her in company she would have said, this young lady follows the old fashion of wearing powder, because of the brightness it lends the eyes, and of the delicacy it gives to the complexion. But there could be no such conjecture about this plainly-dressed person, who appeared with her companion as if both belonged to some religious order. Her friend, too, was a woman of grave, noble countenance, expressive of thoughts exercised in the performance of high, rigid duties, yet she treated her younger friend with a tender and affectionate deference, as if paying homage to a superior nature. The transparent purity of the complexion was that of a saint; or if of a mortal, it was the face of one whose earthly passion had become sublimed into constant quiet ecstasy.

As the two women returned by the path along which our party had advanced, way was made for them to pass, which they merely acknowledged by bows.

“I never saw so beautiful a face in all my life!”

“Indeed!” said D’Avray, with a kind glance.

“Never, never, never! Did you not see her, Celestine?”

“They held down their heads as they passed.”

“How fortunate, then, I have been! I wish you had seen her, Alexandre.”

“You mean the old lady with gray hair?” inquired Henry Mathews.

“It was the youthful face, contrasting so singularly with the gray hair, which struck me as much as her ethereal beauty. Could it be suffering?”

“Marie Antoinette’s turned gray in a night,” observed Madame Mathews.

“I wish I had spoken to her—where is Port Royal?”

“We passed it on the road; and I meant

to take you there upon our return, and show you what remains of that once famous place."

"They are going there to-morrow, Celestine; could we not go too?"

"Certainly; we might leave the gentlemen together after breakfast, and drive back in time for dinner."

"Perhaps Alexandre would come too."

"No, no; let us go together; that is, if you wish to induce the unknown lady to speak."

"I do, I do."

They left the wild glen; they crossed the mill-stream over the planks which serve the purpose of a bridge; and they resumed their drive through a country which grows wilder and wilder; wanting only the great want of the many choice landscapes in the country of the Seine and its tributaries, the Oise and other streams—that of natural lakes and babbling currents, without which a fair country is like a bird of golden plumage that cannot warble.

Turning down a narrow, broken road,

they come upon human habitations, finding themselves in a rude, irregular village, animated by a smithy, whose anvil is ringing for the benefit of a horse, who shyly draws aside, and gives a half-frightened look at the carriage which jolts by. Passing under an arch which was once a gateway, a fine old church wall, whose story is told by its *rosace*, the coloured panes being gone, stands a monument of ruin. Hardly separated from the venerable remains runs a low, stout, comfortable, monastic building, and this is the shooting lodge of Captain Cuffe. In reply to a pull at the handle of a rusty chain, a bell, which at a former time may have called monks to duty, brings out a stout young fellow with curly dark hair, but somewhat lugubrious countenance. Hanging down his head, and without looking at the carriage, he thrusts a key into the lock of the gate which formed part of the iron railing before the narrow court, muttering to himself—

“May ould Scratch confound ye for a lock, since one mustn’t say divil in a nunnery.

I say, Mistress Madame Girard, will you touch this villain of a key with a drop of the drippin' with which ye'r baistin' the bit o' beef afore the fire? Stay, ye needn't throuble yerself; there it goes."

"It is a great shame for you, Sir, to swear and blaspheme in the presence of ladies of rank," observed Sally, from her seat behind the coach.

"Oh, you darlin' jewel!" shouted this gloomy individual, upon whose moody visage Sally's voice operated like the music of Orpheus; "did I iver think I was to hear a Christian voice agin? Betune ourselves," he uttered, in a confidential whisper, "I thought ye were all heathens, like the rest o' them."

"Heathens! I would have you to know, Sir, that my mistress is of the Established Church."

"Of course, being one of the quality. You're of the ould way, ain't ye, jewel?"

By this time the carriage door was in the hand of the coachman, and the party alighted.

“Take care of your sweet pretty foot; there now, lave yourself to me. Why, you’re as light as a fairy, and a thousand times as pretty! How does your mother call ye, when she wants to give ye sugar plums? My name is Garry Owen; and yours?”

“Sally Styles.”

“It’s only the Christian part of it that will keep.”

“You are an Englishman?” said Mr. Henry Mathews.

“Troth I ain’t.”

“Well, an Irishman?”

“Not a bad guess, for only the second offer.”

“How did you come here?”

“I came with the horses for his honour the Captain, from Kilkenny.”

“Is not Captain Cuffe at home?”

“He’s not far off. He knows that quality moves slow, so he took out Grumbler and Growler for an airing along with the fowl-ing-piece to keep his hand in practice.”

“A good shot, I’ve no doubt.”

“ He’d take off the bill of a flying swallow with a single grain. I hear the Captain coming.”

All this time the ladies and D’Avray were regarding the ruins, looking so touchingly melancholy in the deepening twilight. A strong masculine voice was heard in the hall requesting Madame Girard to show the ladies their rooms, and Captain Cuffe appeared.

He was a tall, athletic man, of originally light complexion, but embrowned by a life passed out of doors, and his large red whiskers and moustachios were mixed with gray. He was, in fact, a decided old bachelor, but one who enjoyed society, and was generally found agreeable by ladies, towards whom his manner was of chivalrous attention. The welcome with which he met our party was therefore truly cordial; and as they passed into the hall a fire was seen like a blazing sun, reflected by a host of copper satellites, at the end of a kitchen large enough, as Owen M’Crone would say, to turn a coach-and-four

therein. There was, however, no sign of particular regularity. There were people hanging about, evidently anxious to make themselves of use, but who clearly were not regular servants. Altogether it looked a wild, loose, hospitable place, such as one might imagine the half-dilapidated castle of the descendant of a line of Irish kings to be. Ascending by a broad old oak stair-case the ladies, who could not sit down until they had satisfied their curiosity about this strange old house, which in reality had been a monastery, entered a solemn room, the appearance of which was dimly visible in the evening light. They could see that the ceiling was formed of solid old oak beams, in the style of three centuries before, and the walls were covered with faded frescoes, representing religious subjects, which they examined with deep attention. How had they come to look so wan, these saintly faces? Had the place been allowed to suffer such neglect, as that damp and dust were allowed to eat into these precious memorials of religious feeling, with

no pious hand to save what cost so much thought and labour to create? There was little furniture in a room which, no doubt, was still regarded as too sacred for ordinary uses. A few old chairs there were, and it was thought a pity that they were not of antique form. They should have been of the *prie-dieu* shape. A large, heavy table stood in the centre, covered over with a green cloth, which, as it seemed to sink inwardly, no doubt covered carefully some precious relics. As the ladies looked at the cloth inquiringly, Mr. Henry Mathews pulled it off; and oh! Captain Cuffe, it was — a billiard table!

“Well, upon my life, you know, ladies, rainy days will come, when the most intrepid sportsman must stay at home; and what would my friends do, for I am never without visitors, if it were not for this capital game? It is not a gambling game, ladies. Oh! no, upon my honour — one requiring skill and address — and so good for the chest. You take your cue so — and you strike so — now that’s a cannon —

but, if I want to pocket my adversary's ball, I must strike with just sufficient force, and no more, to send his in — thus — and not drive my own in after. Allow me to direct you, Madame Mathews — too dark? Oh! very well — to-morrow, perhaps. Meantime we must take care of the table" — (spreading the green cloth).

"Oh, I wish, Captain Cuffe, you would take as much care of these beautiful frescoes!"

"So I do, Lady Softworth; it was I who brought them to light."

"Indeed!"

"Ah, you love the fine arts! Well, I shall have some chance of regaining your estimation when I tell you, Madame, that I discovered these frescoes under a layer of whitewash; and I forfeited a fortnight's sport in the height of the partridge season for the sake of restoring these pictures with my own hand. Here is our sitting-room or salon."

They entered the salon, in which lights had been placed. It was a comfortless

room, with faded old furniture, but hung round with pictures. The ladies seized each a bougie, and proceeded to feast their eyes upon a mild galaxy of sweet saints, as they supposed. The first they looked at had won the Saint Leger, and they proceeded no farther.

When Lady Softworth was led by Sally into her own particular room to dress for dinner, she was not prepared to find it so prettily and neatly arranged—a pretty bed with pretty curtain, a snug carpet on the floor, and the whole arrangement showing signs of a careful and tasteful hand.

“I should not have expected so cheerful a chamber as this, Sally, in so wild a house.”

“Oh, Ma’am, it has been all done by Monsieur Vatout! Yes, Ma’am. Did you not remark, Ma’am, a great big grissly-looking man who was a-shoeing a horse as we passed?”

“I did, Sally, and was pleased with his good-natured, quiet countenance, the more agreeable because united with strength and power.”

“Well, Ma’am, that was Monsieur Vatout.”

“I should certainly not have taken Monsieur Vatout for a *femme de chambre*!”

“He is everything, Ma’am. He was in the army, as Madame Girard’s cook and housekeeper tells me; and she says that a French dragoon can do everything. He helps her sometimes to stitch, when he is not busy with the lock of a gun, or doing up the rooms, or making all sorts of things, or baking, or cooking, or shoeing horses, which is his proper trade.”

“Is there no servant but Madame Girard?”

“Only her, Ma’am, and Owen M’Crone; but lots of help. The people about here all come in and out as they like, and take what they want, and are ready in turn to do all that is required.”

Is not that the dinner bell? Sally, had you not better lend some assistance?”

“Yes, Ma’am. I will mix the English mustard; for I guessed they would not have any, and bring it in myself.”

There was no mistake about the dinner, which was got up by French people in their own style; and as soon as it was over, the ladies proposed to step out of doors, and look at the ruins by starlight.

Madame Mathews asked Lady Softworth to come to her room a moment. The simple motive was to show what a comfortable nice room it was, and to make atonement to the worthy host for certain little prejudices of billiard-table and St. Leger origin by praising his delicate hospitality to ladies. There were a few pictures, at which Lady Softworth almost feared to look, dreading some more startling incongruity than she had already beheld. A pencil sketch caught her eye—a pencil sketch in a rich gilt frame. She fancied the face to be familiar. It was beautiful, very beautiful. It was—but no—it could not be; and yet, making some allowance for difference of years, it would answer—yea, perfectly, for that exquisitely saint-like visage which had fascinated her attention a few hours before by the water of the wild glen.

“Celestine, it is she!”

“Who?”

“Did you not see her face — the face of the gray-headed young woman whom we met a while ago?”

“I did not see her face well, for she held down her head as she passed.”

“It is the same face — the more I gaze upon it the more firmly persuaded do I feel that this is her portrait.”

“There may be a resemblance — enough for excited imagination to convert to its own dear will.”

“Do you take me to be a fantastic creature, Celestine, the dupe of unrestrained fancies?”

“I take you to be the best dear creature in the world, Mina. But you know that upon one subject you are easily excited, if not misled (she added, a little jocosely), like Cœlebs in search of a wife — or Japhet in search of a father — or, remembering where we are, an Irish gentleman in search of a religion. Mina is in search of a certain lost lady.”

“Who is there before your eyes and mine—something tells me so.”

“This old monastery was once inhabited by the good old monks of Citeaux, until they were banished by the cruel monsters who marred our revolution, and they may be haunting this place, like swallows, who fly mournfully about their wantonly destroyed nests, and holding mystical communication with one who regrets the slighted sanctity of their former dwelling.”

“It may, indeed, be so.”

“It may be no such thing! Come, Mina, they are waiting for us.”

“Celestine, you are usually more serious.”

“Serious when I have to deal with positive circumstances.”

“Can you tell me what is it that is not positive? What is it that may not be a fact? There are subtle operations of the mind—like the less subtle operations of electricity and attraction in nature—which are as much fact as the weaving together of palpable substances.”

“Ladies!” cried Henry Mathews, “you

have kindly allowed us time for one cigar each. Can we smuggle another, or 'put out the light, and then put out the light?'"

"Talking of smuggling," observed Captain Cuffe, "you remind me of my youthful days, when claret was as plenty in Ireland as milk, my boys; hardy fellows used to run in pipes of it in abundance; and tell stories of the fighting over the Continent, which was smuggled news to the British Government."

"We order these things better in France, as your own *spirituel* countryman says," observed D'Avray.

"You order things too well. We should forgive the rank weeds of liberty for the richness of the soil," replied Cuffe.

"But if the weeds choke the wholesome produce?"

"We must pluck them up with care, and not burn the whole," observed Henry Mathews.

"*Vous parlez d'or!*" quoth Captain Cuffe.

"Oh! these precious tiny pillars, with their gracious capitals."

“All that is left of the cloisters.”

“May we not venture in, Celestine?”

“Take care of the casks and bottles!”

“Casks in the cloisters — oh, Captain Cuffe!”

“Fetch lights, M’Crone.”

That ingenious gentleman, having failed to persuade Sally that her “eyes would be better nor any lamp,” hastened to obey his master’s orders.

The same person was not more successful when, perceiving that the same worthy master was suffering in the opinion of his fair guests for having turned so sweet a place into a lumber-room, he undertook to assure the company that these casks belonged to the old monks, “whose ghosts would be down upon any sacrilegious hand that would dare remove them.”

From the cloisters they turned into the nave, as it once had been, of the now roofless and ruined old church. The dear fragment looked as beautiful as if it had ever been what it then appeared, the fanciful creation of some hand that had tried to realise

a vision of the solemn picturesque. There were, indeed, kindly haunting spirits which made it their home temple ; and these spirits were the tender elements — the winds that carried seeds to the crannies left by the fingers of destroying madmen ; the dews that ate away the harsh rended points for nourishing mould, and compounded round the searching roots the dust whirled up from the plains ; and the rains that fell temperately upon the climbing creepers and the clasping ivy.

Cuffe had a torch lighted, which he directed to various points, and he drew up his fine figure, pointing the flame here and there, and accompanying each movement with expressions revealing an enthusiasm and a taste of which his ordinary manner afforded little indication. If enthusiasm be at all times infectious, there are moments when predisposing circumstances render it peculiarly taking. Lady Softworth was preoccupied with the portrait ; and although she would have desired nothing more than to ask Captain Cuffe some questions about the

sweet pencil sketch in the richly gilt and carved frame, yet she feared to do so ; and she hardly knew why. Was not the owner a brave, courteous gentleman, who would have felt only too happy to satisfy the curiosity of a fair lady, even though she were not his own guest ? Yes, truly ; but there are minds so framed that they dread a shock to their own pre-arranged harmonies ; they would rather remain under the illusion of certain finely-drawn deductions which they resolve shall be to them, at least, established truth, than expose their card-house, or frost-work, to a puff of commonplace fact. Was she not, too, in the very region of incongruities ? Was he not the lord of all this misrule ? How could she dare to tempt a reply that might connect an image that wove itself amongst very dear, and almost sacred associations, with some absurd circumstance ; like a beautiful child covered with the marks of a ludicrous accident—a dress torn by brambles or stained with mud ? But when the scene shifted—when they all stood bound alike

under the same solemn spell—when Cuffe became, torch in hand, the wizard interpreter of the standing monument, and sign of the ever-proceeding struggle between simple devotion and presumptuous persecution, and when all hearts sank under the melancholy reproach sighed by the night wind through the holy remnant of a temple, then the lady feared no longer; and as they passed into the darkness of the night, she, taking his proffered arm, asked to be told by whom was the drawing made which she had seen in Madame Mathews' chamber?

“It was by myself. I used of old to amuse my leisure hours with taking sketches, and sometimes ventured to seize an expression of the human face, when of a truth divine.”

“Then this beautiful young person sat for you?”

“No, no, it was an effort of memory.”

“She must have deeply interested you.”

He sighed, and, as Lady Softworth thought, trembled.

“Pardon me, Captain Cuffe, my interest

in the portrait is, I may say, of a personal kind, for I think I must have met the person herself."

"Met Catherine! where, where?"

"You call her Catherine — Catherine who? Oh, answer me!"

"Alas! I am unable. She was a young person of whom I cannot think without feelings akin to remorse; for I fear that an admiration, which I thought I had not betrayed, was the cause of her suddenly leaving a family with whom she resided as governess."

"Try, oh! try, whether you never heard her called by any other name than her Christian one!"

"Never by any other name. She was my own countrywoman."

Lady Softworth trembled, and he paused.

"Proceed — proceed — for mercy sake proceed!"

"Indeed, I have no more to tell."

"Did she sing?"

"Sang divinely, and in so peculiar a way — sang her native airs, choosing the

saddest and most melancholy, and investing them with heartrending sweetness."

"Oh, merciful heaven! And her name, her name?"

"I never heard more than Catherine."

"Was she married or single?"

"I could never obtain more than an enigmatic reply from my friends — wife, and no wife."

"A painful position. Your friends, where are they?"

"They have disappeared years ago — somewhere in the United States, I fancy."

"And she with them?"

"Possibly she may be — but not probable."

"And you loved her, and let her go without inquiry, without thinking of her more than as a poor, beautiful girl, whose voice was thrilling and face divine — a subject for recollection, but not for active, persevering effort to seek out and restore to peace?"

Cuffe felt thunder-stricken by vehemence so unexpected, and yet these reproaches hardly

rose above a whisper, and were uttered by one so naturally gentle and so refined in manner ; but she was a true woman, whose impulses in presence of imagined injury or injustice to a fellow-creature, especially one who interested her feelings, were no longer to be controlled.

While Cuffe was standing in a state of painful hesitation, Madame Mathews and D'Avray, who were in advance, returned to his relief.

"I wish," she said to Captain Cuffe, "you would follow my thoughtless husband who is wandering away ; and if his eyes are blinded, as mine feel after that blazing torch, he may fall into ditch, or drain, or perhaps be assailed by some watch-dog."

The Captain uttered some words in vindication of the gentleness and sagacity of his quadrupeds, whose reputation he held almost as dear as his own, and hastened after Henry Mathews, whom he found standing near the pure spring, which, as it had supplied the monastery of old, was regarded with a sort of affectionate favour,

that in times gone by would have grown into fable out of a true root, and twined legendarily round stranger fact, like a wild creeper, too agreeable in aspect to be destroyed.

Henry made a sign to him not to speak ; and they both listened while Owen M'Crone charmed the attentive Sally with wonderful stories about the same holy well, which she would interrupt with " Oh, lar !" and " You are trying to frighten a poor girl," and " What a shocking man you are, to be inventing such things, and passing them off for true !" upon which Owen would make solemn protestations of his respect for truth, and of his being incapable of practising on any young woman's feelings, and would then begin some other narrative of more perplexing supernaturalness, until Sally, declaring she could stand it no longer, was about taking to her heels, when her senses became sobered by recognising Mr. Henry Mathews.

" Owen," said Captain Cuffe, " I have been listening to your stories, which, pass-

ing for truth in certain parts of your own country, were never heard of here ; and you should have told the truth about them."

" But holy wells are holy wells, the same all over the world !"

" You have attached an Irish legend to this spring, Owen."

" Well, and if it's a tight fit, where's the harm done ?"

Henry Mathews could not help laughing at the tight fit.

Madame Mathews, coming up at the moment, asked Sally if she could not make some tea, as the night was chilly.

" Oh, yes, Ma'am," answered Sally, highly pleased. " I took care to bring tea with me, guessing that such a thing was not to be had in strange parts."

" Tay !" cried Owen M'Crone ; " but what's become of the taypot, Miss Sally ? Unless you make tay in the skillet, or the copper-boiler, or in the oven, or by magic, myself doesn't know what you'll do. We're a great hand at punch, but no great shakes at tay."

" Trust to me, Ma'am, for the tea, and

please pay no attention to Mr. M'Crone's nonsense."

"Barrin' the soft nonsense, Miss Sally."

Sally laid an injunction upon M'Crone to take no more liberties, as they returned to the house on their important mission—a mission which helped to raise Sally's importance in the eyes of the kitchen company—for it served to invest her with supreme command for the nonce—to give her acquired dignity, and bring out her spirit and invention, to the increasing admiration of Mr. M'Crone, who, by the time all difficulties were overcome by the tact and sagacity of Sally, had come to the conclusion that, with a lady of such remarkable accomplishments, no more liberties were to be taken.

Henry Mathews unconsciously operated a farther diversion in favour of Cuffe, by repeating as much of M'Crone's stories as he could remember, with attempts at imitation of his brogue, and of Sally's terrified interjections. For once his mirthful spirit fell upon unsympathising ears. D'Avray

perceived that Mina was thoughtful and disturbed, and he became thoughtful and disturbed. Celestine, who feared some strange, unusual difference might have happened, improbable, impossible as it seemed, and who thought—no matter what she thought, it was enough to render her uncomfortable to see them ill at ease—remained silent. Cuffe tried to talk, and, owing to the embarrassment occasioned by Lady Softworth's apostrophe, talked with learned sententiousness upon popular superstitions, and with disquisitional acumen rolled forth his old stock of archæological lumber, to the surprise and mystification of Henry, who had never heard him talk so before, and who never knew him to be other than a joyous, careless man of pleasure.

Lady Softworth lingered with D'Avray at the door; to whom she hastily narrated what had happened—telling him of the picture, repeating the conversation with Cuffe, and presenting her own conclusion as to the identity of the portrait and the

gray-haired young woman, of whose face she had caught so distinct a view that day in the glen. This, then, was the explanation of his Mina's trouble; and how great a relief the explanation occasioned, only a poor nervous lover could tell. And after Celestine's incredulity what a comfort, what a joy to Mina, to find one who, reverencing any fancy of hers as a serious operation of a mind too noble to breed conceits, listened with rapt attention; and he a man too, of perfect manly qualities. What a seal of confirmation seemed to be set upon a conjecture adopted with a sort of passion, that, if it had been found unreal, would have seemed like a discovered treasure crumbling into dust and ashes. Yet when she told him that Celestine and herself had resolved upon returning together next day to Port Royal, in the hope of finding the two strangers in that place, according to their word, D'Avray pleaded hard to be allowed to go with them.

"Ah! Alexandre, let it not be so, for once—only once, only one little half day."

"There is no *little* half day, Mina, in

absence. Think of solitary roads and possible perils ; think of one who, after he had gone round the world, saw the star which had never quitted him in night or tempest quenched almost in a place of apparent safety, and excuse his anxiety.”

“ But, Alexandre, she will not speak if there be a man present. See how shyly she passed — perhaps one of a religious order, by her dress ; and I must speak to her. Let it be as arranged, for once ; we shall hasten back ; and the air here of the hills, and the novelty, and the unrestrained vivacity of these good friends will do you good. Do consent—there now ! ”

Was it so clear that he consented ? No matter ; the carriage is ordered for two ladies.

“ His honour, the Captain, won’t let off the pair of gentlemen so easily now that he has them in his snugery, and we may prepare to make a night of it,” said Mr. Owen M’Crone, directing his observation to Miss Sally Styles, instead of to Madame Gérard or to Monsieur Vatout, for the good reason

that, of the *partie carrée* seated before the bright, red wood-fire in the kitchen, the young Englishwoman was the only one who comprehended his words.

If Monsieur Vatout did not easily follow Owen's language, he quite understood the system of signals, which they had contrived to establish for their own particular convenience.

Owen had by persevering efforts overcome Vatout's prejudices against the flavour of a certain kind of *eau-de-vie*, and, as a preliminary to "making a night of it" on his own account, was engaged in what he called "improving the water;" of which, as soon as it was cured of those natural weaknesses which rendered it unfit for a gentleman's notice, he presented a glassful to the versatile farrier, accompanied by an inviting nod of the head, which was at the same time a question and a commentary, conveying as much as "How do you like it?" and "In my mind it is the right sort of stuff."

M. Vatout nodded once in return, and

then a second time ; the first nod being one of thanks and salutation, prior to his tasting the warm beverage ; but the second and more important one expressed perfect coincidence of opinion on the subject of Owen's punch.

“ *Bong*—good.”

“ Vera gud—*très-bon*.”

“ Now, Miss Sally, won't you take one little sup o' the potheen ? It was brewed by the fairies, and beats nectar hollow. So sweet is it that it goes by the name o' mountain dew, and wouldn't hurt a baby. Betune ourselves, mammies give it to babies when teething.”

“ What a shocking man you are ! ”

“ Do let a drop o' the mountain dew freshen those pretty lips like flowers ! ”

“ I wish your master heard you.”

“ He's too busy list'nin' to his own sweet voice ; he won't stop talkin' till daylight doth appear. Oh, leave Captain Cuffe alone for entertaining friends, after the ladies are gone to roost ! By to-morrow mornin' there'll be as many butts o' cigars as will keep me in tobacco for a month.”

“It’s a funny place this, Mr. M’Crone.”

“The funniest place in the world, since the nuns left.”

“Now, really, did nuns ever live here?”

“Didn’t there, indeed? — ay, scores of nuns.”

“What became of them?”

“Some way they didn’t like stoppin’ here after Captain Cuffe and your humble servant came to take the place.”

“And you turned out the nuns? Oh, shame!”

“They wouldn’t stay; it was their own fault.”

Sally, having some doubts as to the correctness of Owen’s information, addressed herself to Madame Gérard, a fine, comely, elderly woman, fit for household duties; and Madame, being like most Frenchwomen, no matter of what rank in life, very well informed and well bred, gave Sally a truthful answer, telling her that the place had been a monastery belonging to the monks of Citeaux; that it was destroyed at the revolution, but the part at present inhabited

had been restored, and occupied as a private residence; that Captain Cuffe had taken it on account of its situation in the midst of a country abounding in game; which several pieces of information M. Vatout confirmed; but not one word of which his friend opposite understood, profoundly interested as he affected to be. Sally, however, understood French well enough to comprehend that, instead of a house for nuns, the place belonged to monks. Accordingly she prepared to do battle with the false Owen M'Crone.

“Mr. M'Crone, you deceived me once about the well, of which you told me all manner of foolish stories; and I said to myself the wisest may be deceived once; but it is only a fool who allows herself to be taken in a second time.”

“Oh, tare and taffy, what's coming now?”

“Now don't be swearing in an unknown tongue, which is just as bad as if it was in French and English.”

“I'll only swear by your beautiful eyes.”

“You humbug! after telling me that this

was a nunnery that ran away from Mr. M'Crone, indeed! when I knew all the time it was a monkery."

"An' you never let on. Who would have suspected such a soft, innocent face of hidin' so much roguery?"

Here Sally rehearsed the history she had heard from Madame Gérard, which, as Owen had not understood it, she passed off as her own original information.

"How I've been desaved!" replied, with imperturbable gravity, the innocent Mr. M'Crone—"desaved by them thievin' villains, who, takin' a mean advantage of a foreigner, tould him all sorts and manner o' lies! I am exceedingly behoulden to you, Miss Sally Styles, and bless my stars for the good fortune of meeting a young leedy o' larnin' and accomplishments. I now know more nor his honour the Captain himself. Did you niver think o' settin' up a seminary for young ladies, Miss Styles, for, with your French and history, and use o' the globes, you'd make the fortune o' the happy man that 'id own you?"

“ Well, 'pon my word, a school would not be a bad idea.”

“ School, indeed ! something beyond that — an academy, if you please — or better agin — a seminary or university. Hallo ! that's his excellency at the door.”

His excellency, the ambassador, so called because the medium through whom the lord of the establishment conveyed his orders, was no other than the one-eyed bull-dog, Bruiser, who, in reward for his deeds of high emprise, wore the cross of the legion of honour, or rather a canine imitation thereof, suspended to his collar. His excellency exhibited his credentials in the shape of a tobacco-pipe, which Owen understood to be a hieroglyph, signifying — Bring up cigars.

“ Does the master want claret ?” inquired Owen.

Bruiser, in reply, sat up on his hind legs, and, bringing his right paw to his lips, made a sign of affirmation.

Taking advantage of the interruption, Madame Gérard broke up the assembly, for she did not like late hours.

If the Captain did detain his friends with something pleasanter than archæological disquisition, the two ladies who sat together by a glowing fire, which sported with two gigantic shadows, did not complain; for they had their own banquet, one most delicious, and which can only be shared by two female friends, who, when midnight surprises them in their feast of the confidential interchange of inmost secrets, seasoned with mutual affection, regret that time's swiftness should be so cruelly proportioned to happiness.

When Celestine bade her friend good night, the latter felt no disposition for rest or sleep. What is reverie but a waking dream? and so she sat by the waning embers, dreaming. The mind followed no one consistent line of thought—memory mixed up many things. It was as if the steady firmament had been loosened into a whirl of shooting-stars. She opened the window, and beyond the shadow of the wall could perceive D'Avray. The discovery awakened her up quite. She extinguished the light,

for she divined that, so long as it burned, he would stay there. He, poor fellow! fancied himself the unobserved worshipper; but what worshipper ever loses the benefit of sincere intention? He did not leave until he thought she slept; and she did not sleep until long after he had left; and before he left he sang, almost in a whisper, words which could just be distinguished by a very attentive ear:—

SERENADE.

The flowers will soon be coming,
For the spring-time it is near,
The bees will soon be humming,
And the dews descending clear,
Like sleep on thine eyes, my dear.

Why think of the sweet spring flowers,
Save as an off'ring to thee?
For what are spring's dewy hours,
Compared with thy presence to me?
What would spring be without thee?

Oh! may holy angel eyes,
Watching o'er thine own's closed beam,
Greet waking with such sunrise
As did never through curtains stream
On the vanishing shade of a dream.

CHAPTER VI.

As the carriage laboriously descended the broken road that led into the valley of Port Royal, both Celestine and Mina cast their eyes in all directions without seeing a living being. To a person who had heard nothing of its history, the place would have seemed desolate and uninteresting. To one who had heard that the spot had once been tenanted by a company of people, men and women, unsurpassed by any others of whom history, ancient or modern, makes mention — of men and women of the highest mental cultivation, of the purest faith, the noblest courage, of boundless charity drawn from wondrous self-denial, and finally, that they had paid the inevitable penalty of reformers, in the endurance of persecution the most cruel, wanton, and unmitigated — to one

who had heard and read of all this, the place assumed another aspect. It became holy ground. Celestine said to Mina—

“Recollect, dear, that I have very presumptuously appointed myself Professor of History, my whole class being composed of one pupil. You know my object too?”

“You mean to prove to me that the rightful equality of women with men, in regard to public affairs ——”

“In regard to all that constitutes the whole range of life, public as well as private.”

“Is to be proved out of French history?”

“Just so. We have already peopled Versailles, and with the aid of memoirs, some of the best being written by women who dwelt in the Court of the Grand Monarch, amidst his titled crowd of magnificent triflers, of dukes who contended for the honour of carrying his Majesty’s cane when his Majesty’s fingers wanted to feed his Majesty’s golden fish, the bravest set of fighters and most obsequious moral slaves that ever emblazoned a Court and lowered humanity.”

“There were great men amongst them.”

“There were ; and these great men were formed in the society of great women. Warriors, divines, dramatists,—Condés, Bossuets, Corneilles — were no creation of royal patronage. Their Mæcenas was a woman—a bed-ridden, wonderfully accomplished lady, Madame de Rambouillet, out of whose salon sprung up all that was great in the France of Louis XIV. May I go on?—my speech will not be long.”

“Proceed, my dear Celestine.”

“While this miscalled great king was dividing his time between ostentatious pleasure and the fiercest persecution, and wasting the strength of the country in wars, carried on with a barbarism of which the desolation of Holland and the ravaging of the Palatinate bear witness, a young girl began, at thirteen years of age, a reformation, which, had it not been extinguished by the perfidious hand that revoked the Edict of Nantes and commanded the dragnades, would have probably prevented the revolution.”

“I must not interrupt, but listen.”

“Angélique Arnauld, when appointed Abbess of Port Royal, was only thirteen years of age. At first she probably only meant to correct laxity of manners; but an earnest mind in full activity is on the way to discovery. Her piety and zeal subdued, one after another, every member of the Arnauld family, who seem to have been peculiarly gifted. At length a society was formed, which, while maintaining the practices of the Church in the strictest sense, adopted the doctrines of Saint Augustine regarding grace, and the result was as if a Calvin had risen within the Church to effect an internal reformation, and not one from without.”

“The effort failed.”

“It was extinguished in a fiercer persecution than that of the Huguenots. What is most shameful is the meanness of the motive. All the most truly brilliant and distinguished people of the day became fascinated by the writings, the teachings, and the example of these Port Royalists.

Outside and around the Abbaye, hermitages were reared by men who abandoned the world for prayer and study. The magnificent Duchesse de Longueville, after a life of dazzling adventure, took up her abode here, and was enabled by her credit to protect the recluses as long as she lived. The inimitably witty Madame de Sévigné fed her fine spirit with Nicole. In fact the whole race of great women had mastered the spiritualist philosophy of Descartes and the theology of Saint Augustine."

"What offence could they have given? Conduct so severe, and studies so far beyond the inclinations of the ordinary mind, were not likely to have inflamed passions to the danger of the State. What was their offence?"

"They wounded the vanity of Louis — such was their whole crime. He could not bear to hear of reputations. He meant that he should be the sole object of observation. How dare any subject of his presume to break the uniformity of slavish homage which he determined to impose?"

Their austerity was a reproach — their purity an offence — their independence an insult. They were not heretics — they were worse, they were Catholics too strict, who aspired to live their own inward life.”

“They were dispersed?”

“The living were thrown into dungeons, and the graves of the dead violated. The plough was passed over the complete ruin, and the bones of the purest creatures and the noblest that ever had vindicated the rightful destiny of the human race were scattered abroad. Now, Mina, for every great man of them an equally great woman is to be named! Pascal, the grandest intellect of any country, was one of them; and his sister, Jacqueline, was worthy of him.”

“So tragic a history excludes comparisons. We must derive from it other lessons than those of advantage to our own sex, Celestine. It is a great question of our common humanity; and this is all that remains, a few stones collected and arranged by some pious hand; and the solemn peace

that seems to descend into our souls; surely you feel it?"

"The door of the chapel opens; there must be persons inside. The chapel is modern; it is hung round with portraits of the Port-Royalists, of those of whom we have been speaking, and others, De Sacy, Duvergier."

"Hush!"

They listen. A low, musical voice speaks.

"This, had I lived at the time, would have satisfied the cravings of a spirit which, having conquered mere human emotions, would have perished if it had not found other and higher sources of meditation."

"Perhaps not mine, Therese. My mind is more given to abstract inquiry, and to search after truth, through exercise of the reasoning faculties, while it is your nature not to be able to separate your personal experience from admixture with your religious creed."

Lady Softworth looked with an expression of inexplicably strange triumph. She

had recognised the voice ; the object of her search was Therese — the person now called Therese — and without hesitation she entered the little edifice, followed by Madame Mathews.

The little edifice was, indeed, hung round with portraits, and with pictures representing sad events connected with the tragic history of the place, as, for instance, the violation of the graves ; while, preserved in glass cases upon a central table, were such relics as specimens of handwriting, which reverent lovers of the wisely great regard with uncommon interest, for the swift imagination follows the tracing hand, and the eye sees, as it were, the thought visibly, and it is not without some reason that the character of the writer is shown forth in the signs of his own hand, warm and impetuous here, solid, round, and careful there, or fastidiously nice in regard to external appearances, or indifferent about outward matters. No doubt all these things had been carefully scanned and thought about, and talked over be-

tween the two strange ladies in black, who had passed their morning there; but our own particular friends were not in the undisturbed mood requisite for the deliberate examination of these interesting memorials.

The two strangers did not now shrink from observation, as they had done in the glen, when surprised by persons whom they had probably taken for pleasure excursionists. Here they meet two fair pilgrims like themselves, and by degrees the conversation becomes general. But it was not conversation of the striking character that commands repetition; for, as was natural under such circumstances, it simply turned upon the objects before the eye. Who is this? What face is that? How mild and simple is the face of the great student De Sacy, who translated the Bible! What massive *bonhomie* in the shrewd, cordial countenance of Duvergier, upon whom such heavy weight of persecution was laid! What open goodness in the face of the Mère Angélique! And who is this austere young beauty? Yet the

friendly discussion being so opened, the unison of sentiment and sympathy tended to blend the four women together into agreeable association, so that each felt that she would henceforth and for ever, whenever her thoughts reverted to the visit of that day, unite with her reminiscence the gentle faces of those whom she had there met. A bond was thus already established. But there was something more. Thérèse, whoever she was, felt Lady Softworth's kindly and strangely animated eye upon her. It was not a stare of curiosity, such as a fine lady might cast upon a woman in a peculiar dress, or of odd appearance. It was an unmistakable yearning after fellowship—an invitation to confide. Her companion, whom she called Veronique, had observed the expression, and occasionally bent upon Lady Softworth a look of lofty scrutiny, like one accustomed to demand satisfaction for her reason and judgment, before she would trust the profferer her hand. It was such a look as honest people would like, and meet boldly. With Madame

Mathews, Veronique talked the more freely, recognising an independent spirit like her own, while the two other ladies were drawing more and more towards one another.

By the time that something like acquaintanceship was formed, the party were startled by the door being pushed suddenly and almost violently open, while a young gentleman, with a face glowing with excitement, said, "I recognised the carriage waiting — alighted from my horse, and have come to tell you the news — such news!"

"Justin Forbes, what is the matter?"

"A revolution — that is the matter. The King is fled — that is the matter. A provisional government proclaimed ——"

"No bloodshed, Just?"

"Revolutions are not made with rose-water, I believe."

Having delivered this sententious observation, Just proceeded to narrate what had happened — told how the agreement for Reform had been upset by the shot before

the Foreign Office, which led to fifty persons being shot down, how the dead bodies were paraded, barricades raised, the Tuileries attacked, the host of municipal guards burned with their defenders — how the King had abdicated ; and of the Duchess of Orleans' vain attempt to save the dynasty ; and that, in fine, Paris was a scene of the wildest animation.

Thérèse gave a long look of deep commiseration as she said to Veronique —

“This is not our place—we must return to Paris, where the wounded and suffering call for our care.”

“How are we to get back to Versailles?”

“Can we not walk back?” asked Thérèse.

“We can — the evening is fine — the distance only a couple of leagues.”

“Which is nothing to those who have a duty to accomplish. Then at Versailles we take the railway.”

“You will find no train to-night, or to-morrow either,” observed Just ; “for as we passed over the bridge there was a party preparing to set it on fire, while another

burns the King's residence at Neuilly; and there is no telling where incendiarism is to cease."

"All the more reason for our returning, Veronique," said Thérèse, without astonishment or excitement, like one whose mind is absorbed in a single thought, and that to go forward with the undisturbed calmness essential to the performance of a great duty. It is the feeling of the soldier never surprised by the call of the trumpet. It is the feeling of him of the healing art, whose nerves must be steady if he is to save life.

Lady Softworth whispered to Madame Mathews, who, nodding assent, addressed to the strangers a request to take seats in the carriage that was waiting, and return with them to Versailles — an offer which was frankly and gratefully accepted. Madame Mathews then wished Just to continue his ride on to the Vaux de Cernay, and tell her husband and M. D'Avray that, as it would not be prudent under present circumstances to protract their visit in a lonely part of the country, she and Lady Soft-

worth had thought it best to return home, and would expect them next morning. Just accordingly remounted his horse and set off at a brisk trot, while the carriage took the road to Versailles.

“You mentioned the Vaux de Cernay,” said Veronique, “and we had some idea of extending our pilgrimage to the interesting ruins.”

“Had you fulfilled your intention, I am sure you would have been received with hospitable attention by the proprietor, Captain Cuffe,” answered Madame Mathews.

At the name of Cuffe it seemed to Lady Softworth as if Thérèse was struck with the name. Cuffe — Cuffe — she half said to herself, pronouncing it with the proper English accent — but there was no sign of emotion, only an absent look for a moment, as of one who tries to recall something of which the recollection has been awakened by a familiar sound.

“You are my countrywoman by your voice ; how delightful to meet you !” warmly

said Lady Softworth, taking Thérèse's hand in both her own.

Veronique and Madame Mathews were deep in the events of the revolution — both agreeing that, had the Duchess of Orleans been made regent, and with authority to assume the government, the dynasty might have been saved. As the revolution absorbed conversation, there was no opportunity of tempting the strange ladies into an account of their own way of life. Again they were pressed to stay the night in Madame Mathews' house, rather than go into an hotel; and upon condition of their departure being facilitated next morning, they accepted the invitation.

The strangers, after a slight repast, retired early to the room, which they requested to be allowed to occupy together, and Mina and Celestine sat up late together. Celestine was surprised to find Mina so little excited about the revolution, which was to her as the travail of a new creation. The bloodshed, the incendiarism, the violence, appeared as nothing worse than the first

outbreak of mob licentiousness, which would soon settle down, or be brought to order by the ascendancy of reason and enlightened civic courage; and in the impartial discussion of all rights, those of woman would have a fair hearing.

How strange that Mina's attention should slip away at the precise moment when Celestine most needed it! But who is there can sustain two currents of excitement together; and with whom is not the personal trial more absorbing than the public one? Mina was as one who, taking shelter beneath a shed, finds, while the storm is raging without, the face of a lost kinsman. What is it to her, the roaring thunder, the howling wind, the drifting rain?—yea, the crash of the stricken steeple? She hears not and heeds not, because her eyes and her feelings are concentrated upon an image which is all the world to her, whether it be living or dead—a reality or a mockery. Was Thérèse the wife of Edward, whose comparatively young head was as gray as that woman's, and could it be from any

other than the same cause? Was she the mother of the lost—the found and lost boy? If so, what a cruel revelation with which to shiver the joy of a tale of heavenly fidelity, now on the point of being crowned with reward. To Edward the recovered wife would be compensation for the lost boy. Ah! would it, indeed? that was not so sure—and then was he really lost? But was it a dream? Why was she called Thérèse?—women who quitted the world and entered religious orders adopted saints' names. Thérèse—there was in the mild resignation of that face nothing of the burning ecstasy of the saint after whom she named herself. What matter? Do we not often set up ideals so different, and because so different from what we are ourselves?—That argued nothing. Then she had reason to conclude that this Thérèse was of a different religion; but it was the religion of Edward; there was a flash of light. Do we not wish to be in all respects like to the one we love with the love that absorbs both into one life. With such

agitating thoughts as these in presence of the image of uncertain vitality under the shed how can the ears listen to the raging tempest without, though the land be shaken to its foundations?

Just's horse had fallen and risen up lame, and poor Just did not reach Captain Cuffe's ecclesiastical shooting lodge before morning—or D'Avray, we'll vouch for him, would not have delayed a minute. He and Henry Mathews returned on the instant. D'Avray's presence under any circumstances was a support and consolation, and it was now particularly needful, because, revolutionary dangers apart, when Mina knocked gently at the stranger's door she received no answer. Thérèse and Veronique had glided away gently before the dawn, leaving a note of thanks. A note! they had been criticising handwriting that day; and what hand could have formed these letters of English physiognomy, and so cleanly plain—what hand but hers, Thérèse? Was there any way of identifying the hand? Why, why did Mina not ask directly who she

was? But was it not now doubly, infinitely incumbent upon her to seek the woman out, even if the terror itself, reigning again, should turn the seat of justice into howling massacre?

CHAPTER VII.

IN a small room which, from the sixth story of a hotel in the Rue St. Denis, commands a view of that populous neighbourhood, taking in a portion of the Boulevards, are seated two young English gentlemen. It is a fine spring evening, and they seem to be in high spirits, as such young fellows upon a spring evening and in the spring-time of life ought to be.

They have been enjoying themselves with a revolution, which, at that period, was a rare novelty. The excitement was delightful. Paris was one vast club, subdivided into an infinity of clubs. Clubs held all the public offices and buildings not immediately appropriated by the members of the government. Riding-schools, public exhibition-rooms, concert-rooms, ball-rooms, any

rooms that could be hired or borrowed, or that would be lent by disinterested patriots, were all converted into clubs. The grand central club was the Palace of the Tuileries, that is to say so much of the glorious old residence of the kings of France as was not appropriated to the wounded of February, for hospital and feasting purposes, was a club—rather say a congeries of clubs. The very government was a club, which each of the multitude of clubs tried to rule and use as its own instrument for the bringing about of its own millennium in its own way, under peril of being pitched out of the windows of the Hôtel de Ville. In the ex-Chamber of Peers sat a club of workmen, to whom a member of the government spouted marvellous impossibilities. Clubs out of doors as well as within! Wherever a man stopped to read one of the hundred new papers, or to study a placard announcing some wonderful social discovery for turning the earth into a paradise tenanted by clubs of angels in human form, some other man stopped too, and then a third; and then

the conversation swelled out more and more didactically, and the speeching began, and there was an open-air club. Boulevards, Champs Élysées, Tuileries Gardens, Luxembourg Gardens, swarmed with numberless nameless improvised clubs. To sweep as many as possible out of harm's way, and into some sort of occupation, the government opened public workshops. Poor government! it only provided convenient places for clubs. The men read the papers, made speeches, fired at a mark, and drove home—if such a place could be said to exist—in hackney coaches. No one remained within home doors except keepers of cafés and restaurants, selling little, for no one had money. Shops were open for form's sake. The rich had all fled with the pretty children and the nurses, and nothing was to be seen but the *blouse*. It was a scene of idle, joyous, boundless, purposeless excitement, such as assuredly the world could never have seen the like of before; and, as it could only end in weariness, disappointment, and hunger, was menacing and perilous, which

did not render it the less agreeable to our two young gentlemen, whom we must not forget in their sixth story of the thin-fronted hotel of the Rue St. Denis, not far from the Porte of that name.

What is that publication out of which one is reading to the other, and which throws both into fits of laughter? Why, it is our old friend the "Cornucopian Magazine." Yet it used to be a grave periodical. We must take the explanation of the unwonted merriment from the two gentlemen themselves, as well as we can gather it from their remarks.

"Well, I declare, Obady, you have outdone yourself in this achievement."

"Say *we*, my dear Jerry Coby—*we*, if you please; *we* have outdone ourselves on this masterpiece of a jolly take-in of old spectacles Maltheson and his rib of a snuffbox."

"She was not up to snuff."

"Bah! Jerry, that's beneath a man of your genius. Nothing but originality ought to go down in these glorious days of political reform and social regeneration."

“As you said so well last night.”

“How we did humbug old Spectacles, to be sure! How we should have laughed if we could only have seen him writing the note of introduction to “The Lives and Adventures of two Strolling Players!”

“The following entertaining paper bears so evidently upon its face the stamp of truth, and may so certainly be proved from internal evidence—by philosophers recognised to be the best—to be an account of adventures too graphically and faithfully described to be fictitious, that we unhesitatingly give it a place in our serious miscellany. The reader will perceive that under a light, and indeed, flippant form, the authors, for there appear to be two, must have endured the many privations and vicissitudes which usually attend a course of life of which the public only sees the glittering exterior. We, for our parts, invite the writers to present themselves at our office, or, if they be restrained by those sentiments of delicacy so often found allied with true genius, we request they will

afford us the opportunity of conveying a substantial proof of our sense of obligation for their interesting communication. In any case, we shall be glad to have a continuance of such estimable adventures."

There assuredly was nothing of a humorous character in this laboured and somewhat pedantic notice, and yet it kept our two young gentlemen in roars of laughter for some time.

"Ah!" said Obady, at length, gravely, "how true it is that a prophet has no honour in his own country! Had you or I, Jerry, taken that paper to Mr. Spectacles or Mrs. Snuff, it would not have been looked at."

"No use in moralising, Obady; the question now is, how are we to get the Editor's 'substantial proof of his sense of obligation,' which I take to mean the price of the article? and I rather think we want it."

"True; my last franc went for this brave bonnet rouge—and thine, Jerry?"

"To repair the lock of my philanthropical

fusil, which is to blow away all impediments to brotherly love."

"It is all very well for you, Jerry, to joke and be pleasant, for you who never knew what it was to suffer persecution under the parental roof—to witness the hypocrisies by which the world is moved and deceived and through which it will go to ruin if the false foundations upon which society rests be not rooted up."

"My dear fellow, you only say half the truth as regards poor Jerry, the outcast of society from his birth, who owes nothing to it, and who, a player all his life, looks at passing scenes and events as a spectacle which moves his diversion."

"True, Jerry, you owe nothing to this present corrupt society; but there will come a state of things worthy of your brave spirit."

"Cross to right," says Jerry, as if reading stage instructions from the prompter's book, "and now for business. How are we to make the Editor and Co. of the 'Cornucopian' support the revolution *sans le savoir*?"

"A bright idea, Jerry; Mr. and Mrs. Maltheson sending money to soldiers of the *République rouge*."

"The article runs to sixteen pages; that's a sheet. Ten guineas, or say 260 francs, addressed *Poste Restante*, Paris;—but to whom?"

"To our friend, M. Bataille, whom I'll set up for first President. He is the man won't spare the *bourgeoisie*,—off with their heads like poppies!"

"Off with his head! So much for Buckingham!' A capital point you used to make there!"

"Don't say capital; I hate the word. Capital is the enemy of society!"

"I wish we had some of Maltheson's, for all that. Will he give ten guineas? it's first-rate."

"He calls it flippant, notwithstanding its acknowledged merit. So like a bourgeois that, to reduce the value of the goods of which he wants a further supply."

"Weavers and spinners! Well, you would have me write to your dictation, and

I could not help throwing in bits of spice on your solid *pot au feu*."

"But it is not flippant. Did we not borrow the memoirs of all the great actors, and follow their classic model, seasoning our narration with familiar theatrical sentences, from our first appearance at Cork to a beggarly account of empty boxes, down to our triumphant performance at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, before the Viceroy? 'The play's the thing in which I'll try the conscience of the King!' What famously pleasant audiences the Irish make — so uproarious, so hearty, so enthusiastic, and so discriminating withal! That was your idea, Jerry, to go to Ireland."

"Better than shipping ourselves off to America, where I knew they would go hunting us. I knew they would never think of Ireland; it is so much more out of the way, you know. If you want to hide a thing from a man, pin it to the skirt of his coat—he'll never look that way."

"Bataille had better write the letter."

"No such thing. Mrs. Snuff will be

sure to compare the letter with the manuscript."

"Of course. But Bataille must be told what a beautiful actor he was. What a shame that such a man should have had to leave his country for the sole crime of conspiring for its regeneration! But now he will exhibit upon a more fitting stage."

"It was very well we attended to his French lessons — and so good of him to give them gratis. But then we helped to touch up his English for him. We took it out of his nose, and brought it cleverly through his throat."

"Bataille is a man after my own heart. His views are so philosophical and profound! Sparta is his model state!"

"Except the black broth; he loves good cooking."

"He is by nature refined, and can tell a hawk from a handsaw. By-the-by, Bataille won't do."

"Why?"

"It is against his principles to take money for intellectual labour, which should

never be otherwise than disinterestedly employed for the good of mankind. Literature he calls a religion, and authors the high-priests thereof."

"What a bore!"

"Jerry, you don't take the most elevated views of our mission."

"Which is, to starve for an idea. If we don't raise the wind, how are we to see Rachel to-night as the incarnation of the revolution, chaunting the Marseillaise?"

"We must see her at all events."

"Then I will write the letter, and tell Bataille there is a letter for us addressed to him, and he won't ask to know the contents."

"Do as you please, Jerry."

"How shall I begin—Mr. Editor, or Sir?"

"Begin in the third person."

"The author of so and so presents his compliments?"

"Exactly; and being on a Continental tour, found his universally read and esteemed 'Cornucopian' at, at — where?"

"At Galignani's."

"To be sure; that will read naturally. At Galignani's; and being in want of cash——"

“Hold, Jerry. If you confess want of cash, you will get nothing. No ; that won’t do. You must say, that although not animated by mercenary motives, yet considering the delicate and flattering offer of a substantial proof of obligation, you will ——”

“That is, *he* will. I write in the third person.”

“He will be happy to accept *the* ten guineas (showing Jerry that we are up to the price) as a *souvenir*. No, that won’t do. As a ——”

“As a *quid pro quo*. Latin takes terribly with Maltheson.”

“That will do.”

It was a gala night. The house was filled. The members of the Provisional Government occupied the ex-royal box, and divided with the stage the attractions of the evening. They did not look careworn, nor presumptuous, but partook of the hopeful hilarious enthusiasm of the new-fledged republicans present ; all disencumbered of old crusty prejudices and stupid commonplace ways. Probably a more joyous house

had never met. Were they not all out of the desert at last?—all seated by sunrise upon a lofty hill, looking at the promised land with a dozen Moseses and Joshuas, at least, for guides; and there was no Michel Angelo to strike the astonishing figure, and cry “speak,” at the risk of crumbling the plaster of Paris, and mayhap dispelling the mirage. All political and social questions were at length solved and settled in the forms of decrees. The fusty old dry *Moniteur*, that used to be, sparkled like a piece of Aladdin’s palace with gems—the long results of popular wisdom dug up out of the dark mines at last. Why should the members of the Government wear any other stars than their own vivid decrees—they had decreed bread and butter got easy—liberty, equality, fraternity—labour stripped of toil—bank-note mines—for every voice a vote—and for every hand a musket. They were going to build up a constitution with everybody’s theories, and they were preparing processions to the Temple of Abundance and Peace; processions in which the

ancient mythologies were to blend with the ruder but more touching superstitions of the middle ages, to be brought up and completed by symbolical representations of modern enlightenment, for which the opera would provide the *dramatis personæ* from their fairest stock of muslin tunics and best formed legs. The audience was composed, not of Frenchmen and Frenchwomen alone—representatives from the whole world of oppression were there. The Government had received deputations from Poles, Hungarians, Italians, Germans—had heard their complaints, had sympathised with their aspirations, favoured their hopes with rare eloquence, and sent them away happy. There was not a remnant of old misery to be seen. The ragged *gamin de Paris* had risen from his monarchical grub state into a smart *garde mobile*, and it was a well-inspired decree that which created him. They did issue some wise decrees—they abolished negro slavery—they struck down the guillotine—they wished well—and they did their best when they decreed the will

for the deed. If they could have only decreed that paving-stones be turned into gold, and that no one should cast them at another's head, the Millennium would have been inaugurated.

But hush ! she is coming—she, the marvellous Jew girl, who, footsore with wandering from door to door, striking appeals to charity from her little tambourine, finds on her way the formal old classic tragedy as moulded by the vigorous Corneille, and exquisitely finished by Racine, for the admiration of the grand Bourbon court, in its noon splendour : she lifts the mask, and, lo ! it fits her to admiration. Others have essayed it, but it sat wrong ; and when she is no more it may be buried with her. She hangs the drapery over her rags, and, lo ! she is a queen ; she, this thin child of want—this member of a forlorn race—brought up amidst wretched parsimony, and with the vices of a low education ineradicably fixed in her hard heart, that cannot yet obscure her transcendant intelligence. She, mysteriously gifted with some subtle, exquisite

power, comes forth radiant in a formal, cold, artificial literature, and reveals the whole of its hidden beauties; and this miracle is accomplished in the face of a generation that had abandoned the old worship, and set up a new divinity. The wild, dishevelled, impassioned Romanticism could not allure the grave, stern taste of that poor wandering Jew mendicant; and it was her hand that replaced the fallen statue upon its pedestal, and made it to breathe again with poetic life.

She comes, no longer Melpomene—even she has caught the irresistible intoxication, and she advances as perfect an incarnation of the spirit of the moment, as if she had never passed bewitching hours in the sisterly company of the Muses; she appears such a figure as a wild republican starting out of his sleep would see in a vision upon the barricade; she is no longer the same—she is not recognisable—she is no more the statuesque queen of tragedy—she is not human. Aristophanes wrote, it is said, for an audience drunk from the feast of Bac-

chus. Rachel plays for an audience intoxicated no less, although differently. She is the *Marseillaise*—the song of the revolution—its heart's melody, with which it embraces brethren and flings itself against coalition. She does not sing—neither does she declaim it; she chaunts it, and the thunders of Olympian Jove roll in that thin throat. There are small grandly-chiselled cameos that impress like gigantic *chef-d'œuvres*. That slight flexible frame seems to fill a whole horizon with its majesty—the prominent forehead, the intense eyes, the severe mouth, command, fascinate, and thrill. The audience is swayed as if it were a single instrument in her hands—it is flashed like a sword in the face of the foe—it burns with vengeance; and at last, when falling upon her knee she clasps the tricolor to her heart, and in a burst of tender enthusiasm invokes the *amour sacré de la patrie*, the audience rise to their feet—

“ *Amour sacré de la patrie*

Conduis, soutiens nos bras vengeurs :

Liberté, liberté chérie

Combats avec tes défenseurs :

“ Sous nos drapeaux que la victoire
Accoure à tes mâles accents :
Que tes ennemis expirants
Voient ton triomphe et notre gloire.

“ Aux armes, citoyens,
Formez vos bataillons,
Marchons, marchons ; qu’un sang impur
Abreuve nos sillons.”

“ Oh ! Jerry, Jerry Coby, is not this sublime ?”

Obady had hardly uttered these words, when he felt two arms, one over each shoulder, and heard sobbing, from a person who had thrown himself upon him. The action did not occasion surprise, for in these strange times nothing was more usual than for persons in moments of excitement to embrace ; and Obady turned round to respond to the fraternal enthusiasm, when, to his surprise, he recognised Justin Forbes.

At the same moment Jerry found himself clasped in the embrace of his next neighbour, in whom he recognised no familiar face. He was only a strange brother of the large *liberté, égalité, fraternité* family. In fact, those who witnessed the scene between

Obady and Justin, in the centre of the parterre, regarded it as a natural burst of political rapture, which, directly communicating with their own explosive tendencies, set them all embracing. Very conveniently did this tumultuous philanthropy occur to cover Obady's precipitate retreat along with Just, followed by Jerry, who was fairly out of doors before he discovered the true cause of Obady's emotion. Justin embraced Obady once more, and then, rushing at Jerry, caught him in his arms, and the three wept like infants.

"Come, Just — my dear Just — to some corner where there will be no eye upon us — come let us go up the stairs of the Restaurant, into a *cabinet de société*;" and he pulled him up by one hand, while Jerry following, held the other.

"What will you please to order?" asked the garçon.

"We will ring for you by and by," answered Obady; and the door was shut, and the three were together in the little cabinet.

"Oh, Obady!" cried Just, "how we have all fretted about you — myself and your good uncle Henry!"

"Dear Uncle Henry, how is he?"

"Well—quite well. Come off and see him. We are all now in the Faubourg St. Honoré."

"Not yet — not yet, Just. I have a stain to wipe off before I can hold up my head in that honest uncle's presence."

"Nonsense, nonsense!" cried Jerry, speaking for the first time. "He thinks too much of that piece of boyhood folly. You don't know, Just, what he means, and pray don't inquire."

"Did you call, gentlemen?" asked the waiter, putting in his hand.

"A moment longer," answered Obady; and the garçon again disappeared.

"About to order supper," observed Jerry, "and I have no money; have you, Obady?"

"Not a sou."

"Jerry, Jerry," almost shouts Just, "you are a rich man. You don't know your father."

“Have not the honour of his acquaintanceship.”

“But I have, I can tell you. He is Edward Plantagenet Lush, Esquire; and your grandfather’s dead, and left him all his fortune.”

Jerry rang the bell convulsively. The waiter appears.

“Bring up the best in the house — the best of everything — (garçon disappears) — and my name is Lush. I never liked that name Coby. I wonder what’s my Christian name.”

Jerry threw himself into Just’s arms, and laughed and cried hysterically, Obady looking on in blank astonishment.

“Do I dream? — tell it all to me again. Mr. Lush — he who used to be so kind to me — he who took me away from that beastly booth, and put in my breast the heart of a gentleman — the kind, good father that he was, and I loved him, I did — it must have been by instinct. Why did I go?”

“Oh, Jerry! you wring my heart now;

it was I brought such injury upon your head. I am more criminal than ever I believed myself to be!"

"Not you—not you. It was my precocious vice, acquired at that brute's, whose name—faugh!—how am I to wash it out? It was my vice that infected your noble mind, for a moment only. It will all be right now; give me your hand—and yours, Just. Gad! I'm as hungry as a raven. We didn't dine to-day, Just, except on the Marseillaise, and standing one of the *queue* outside, for the sake of a place within, is rather appetising."

"I don't think I could eat anything," says Obady.

"Don't, if you don't like; but, by the gods, you shall drink Just's health in champagne, and after that the health of—I must be serious now. Where is my father?"

"In England, in your grandfather's house, living in fine style—carriage and horses, and all that."

"Is he married?"

“No.”

“Have I a mother?”

“Lady Softworth says ——”

“How is she, the dear lady? Where is she?”

“Yes, where is the dear lady?”

“She’s here — here. She brought me over to cure me of my grief — no, not she, but Count D’Avray, to whom she is going to be married. He brought me to your uncle Henry, sure that you would go there.”

“No matter — no matter about me — tell Jerry what Lady Softworth says of his mother.”

“She says, she is sure she has met her, and can think of nobody but her, and is seeking her in all directions.”

“Boys, boys, you will not leave me to-night. Keep near me, keep near me,” muttered Jerry wildly.

“Now, Obady, listen to reason. Jerry, listen to what I say — let us go home together,” proposed Just.

“Home, home — no, Just, not until I

have paid my debt to the great cause of humanity; as soon as we have reformed this corrupt society, and not sooner shall I offer a pure hand to my best of uncles, and kneel at the feet of the noble Lady Softworth. You, Jerry, will do as you please."

"I will not leave you, Obady — we have borne privations together, and we have shared triumphs together, and will go together through this storm, to be wrecked if Heaven wills, or to come out glorious."

"As we shall, we shall," says Obady, seizing his hands; "here's *Vive la République!*"

"Jerry, recollect," resumes Obady, "you are now a man of fortune, and risk everything — you rob a father of his joy."

"Then, shall we give up the cause, and accept Just's offer?" asked Jerry.

"Never," thundered Obady.

"Never," repeated Jerry.

"What is father, mother, fortune, anything, to the redemption of our brethren from slavery?"

"Pardon me, Obady, for having wavered."

"Your patriotism, your philanthropy, your love will come out the nobler and purer for the sacrifice you are going to make."

"My father will be the more proud of me, and a rewarding Heaven will send my mother."

"Men will raise statues to you, Jerry. Mind, Just," said Obady to the poor fellow gazing in bewildered astonishment, "you must not say you met us."

"I should burst if I did not; if I must not, I will not quit you."

"You join the glorious cause of the Republic?"

"I do — I do."

"Your hand — take the other hand, Jerry, *Vive la République! — vive la République!! — vive la République!!!*"

"Obady, will you not let me write a letter to Lady Softworth, to tell her to make her mind easy, for that I am safe, and going to liberate mankind along with you and Jerry; I may tell her that?"

“ You may—ring for pen, ink, and paper. Garçon, pen, ink, paper, coffee and cigars. We don’t want to sleep to-night.”

The letter was written, the lights were burning low; the silence of the street was only broken by occasional groups singing on their way home from theatre or club, *Mourir pour la patrie*, or *Le Chant du Départ*, or *En avant marchons!* when Obady, assuming a cool unmoved air, which his voice contradicted, inquired of Just if he had news from the old quarter.

“ Oh! yes,” replied Just, “ she is quite well, Cicely is ——”

“ And mother?”

“ Pretty well, Cicely writes—and so are your father and other sister.”

“ Hum—how are we to pay for all this? I have no money.”

“ And I only a few pieces. What’s to be done?”

“ What’s to be done!” asked Jerry, “ am I not Jerry—hang that name, am I not somebody, Blank Lush, Esquire? am I not

rich as Cræsus Junior? Call the landlord up; he won't refuse the word of an English gentleman."

"And Jerry rang the bell with a confidence that could not have been assumed."

"Garçon," addressing the waiter as soon as the door was opened, "tell your master
——"

"Pardon, monsieur—*Master* is abolished by the will of the sovereign people."

"Your hand, brother," cries Obady, "we're all right, you'll settle our little business. You a true brother, a right republican. My friend is a gentleman who has come into possession of a father and fortune, the enjoyment of which he heroically postpones until the Republic be established, when he will pay both bills together."

"Both bills?"

"Yes, the bill of the Republic, won't you, my friend of mankind? Tell that to your ex-master. Your house is conducted on the association principle?"

"Not yet; it will be as soon as *the* Republic comes."

“ I understand — we are of the same colour, rouge.”

The future partner in the firm disappeared.

Obady asked Just:—

“ Is not the Republic established ?”

“ Established ! It is not yet founded ; we are only in a transition state. This talking, fussy, noisy, empty thing does very well to amuse the people while we are organising the true Republic *démocratique et sociale*.”

“ Will there be a fight for it ?”

“ Of course there will. No great revolution has ever been effected without its price of martyrdom rendering it sacred with a baptism of blood and fire.”

“ But how are we to support ourselves in the meantime ?”

“ Can’t you live on forty sous a day ? not this way, Just—without champagne, I mean ; like the poor fellow who has devoted three months’ misery to the service of the Republic.”

“ Forty sous a day — two francs ; very

well, if I knew where they were to come from."

"Have you not heard of the Ateliers Nationaux?"

"Ay, for workmen."

"My dear fellow, there are some gentlemen there—artists. You know the twenty thousand artists would be all starving, only for the Ateliers. We must let our beards grow and wash our hands, that's all; then some rough, honest fellows will take the spades and barrows for us, saying kindly—'You are not fit for this work, so we'll make a bargain. You'll read the journals aloud, while we dig and trundle.' Here comes landlord."

Countenances rather fell as the door opened and entered—Captain Cuffe.

"Gentlemen, allow a countryman to take a liberty. What, Forbes! it is you who are in the difficulty! My dear fellow, how much do you want? Here is a note for 500 francs—the only money I have. Come, not a word; it's at your service. I like to see young fellows enjoy themselves. *Cabinet*

de société—private party. Good night. We meet to-morrow as usual. Good night. I have the honor to salute you, gentlemen.”

Just was so astonished at the sudden appearance and no less sudden disappearance of Cuffe, to whom had he uttered a word of explanation the betrayal of his friend's plans and his own resolution to abide by them could hardly have been avoided, that he could only sit in blank dismay. Obady and Jerry were on their parts mystified. The door again opened, and the garçon looked in with a grin.

“Will you explain this, Monsieur garçon?”

“I will. The proprietor is a *bourgeois*—one of the blood-suckers of the people; so I would not compromise the honour of true Republicans by asking him a favour, therefore it was that seeing a countryman of yours in the house—who comes here occasionally, and is very much liked for his generosity and vivacity—I mentioned the case to him, that there was an English gentleman of great fortune in a private cabinet,

with two friends and as many bottles of champagne, and several first-rate dishes, not to speak of coffee and cigars, and who had forgotten his purse; upon which his sympathy, increasing with the enumeration of the various bottles and dishes, forming so many arguments in favour of your spirit and gentlemanly character, was no longer to be restrained, and up he darted, purse in hand, before I had finished my discourse."

"Your friend is a brick!" cried Obady.

"One fit to be the corner-stone of the Republic," continued Jerry. "Excuse the bull, Just, on account of my Irish residence."

"You've been in Ireland, Jerry, and you, Obady?"

"My dear boy," says Jerry, "it's too late now to begin a long story; but here it is all in your father's 'Cornucopian.'"

"I won't go to bed till I read it."

"Then come home at once to our little hotel in the Rue St. Denis."

"Now, garçon, you shall have such a *pour-boire*."

The garçon, re-assuming his professional manner, took the napoléon coolly, with the resolution that with this paternal offering he would complete his costume of captain of National Guards, to which he had the honour of being elected.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE Mathewses had indeed left the quietude of Versailles for the feverish atmosphere of the city. Henry Mathews thought it was the safest place for the ladies of the family ; an opinion which his high-spirited wife would have treated with disdain, wherefore he only whispered it to Count D'Avray, who accepted the pretext, as it saved him the necessity of giving the sailor's reason for preferring the tempest, especially when he instinctively felt that his sword might be useful. Lady Softworth had learned enough of Theresa, whose image was ever present to her imagination, to come to the conclusion that if ever she was to meet her again it would be in Paris. Celestine wanted to feel herself in the splendid tumult of feelings and ideas which to her meant

life; and as for Justin Forbes, why need we offer any reasons about so enthusiastic an admirer of Rachel in the *Marseillaise*?

When Captain Cuffe made his ordinary morning call, in his usual easy, unconcerned manner, thinking how well he should play the hypocrite, looking at Just with smooth, unconscious face, he was surprised to find the family collected together in evident distress.

“Oh, you are the man to help us!” exclaimed Madame Mathews. “Justin Forbes has entered the Republican service, and we want to find him out. You know all the clubs, and you will go about amongst them until you find him. Lady Softworth is in the deepest distress about him, for she holds herself in a great degree answerable to his parents for his safety.”

“You have not stated one half my miserable perplexity,” said Lady Softworth, her voice choking.

“The two lads, almost young men now, of whose disappearance more than three years ago you have heard us so often speak, have been found. They are here, come to take

part in the revolution—noble young fellows they must be.”

“Oh! what will poor Edward Lush say now, when he learns this fresh misfortune?”

“It is no misfortune, Mina; the three glorious fellows will come here together, and we shall write at once to the happy father—as happy he will be when he hears that the long lost son is found. Oh! will he not be happy, Mina.”

“Supremely happy—or plunged into misery more severe and bitter than ever.”

“I’ll take your arm, Captain Cuffe, and we shall visit the Clubs together. I cannot enjoy them properly with Henry muttering contemptuous remarks upon generous sentiments.”

“Sentiments and no more; sentiments won’t feed the hungry multitude; even He, Celestine, whose word was the bread of life, thought it not unworthy of His power to work a miracle for the sake of the five thousand craving stomachs.”

“Yes, and preached that faith would remove mountains.”

“Not faith without charity. Hum — charity, indeed ! charity preached with pistols.”

“What is the matter with you, my dear Captain Cuffe?” asked D’Avray ; “you seem so agitated, which is not customary with you.”

“I am the most unfortunate man living ;” and Cuffe buried his face in his hands.

“What is the matter ?”

“Oh ! Lady Softworth — you will hate me — hate me ; hate and despise, when you are told that I whom you reproached for my negligence in not having ascertained the true position of her — of her — you know whom I mean !”

“Pardon me, Captain Cuffe. I blamed you wrongfully ; the man who could have drawn from memory so perfectly that face, which you kindly parted with, to me, merited no reproach ; and I beg your pardon for my haste and inconsiderateness.”

“Oh ! lady, what will you think ? Oh ! how unfortunate I am ! Will you believe it, that I who met the mother, and might, had

I common brains, have been the means of restoring her to her proper place — last night met the lost son, and cannot tell what is again become of him ; oh ! blunderer that I am ! ”

“ Met the son — met Jerry — met young Lush, Edward’s son, and with Just and Obady Mathews, for the three were together.”

“ The two young gentlemen whom I met with Justin Forbes, must have been Jerry and Obady.”

“ Do you know anything of this letter ?
Read it : —

“ LIBERTÉ, ÉGALITÉ, FRATERNITÉ.

“ Beloved and profoundly revered Sister, Salut ! — I write with my heart beating and my head turning round like one caught up into the seventh heaven, according to the beautiful passage my dear good lady, my friend and patroness, has so often commented upon for the good of my soul, which is now awfully troubled. How am I to break the great and good news ? — Obady and Jerry are found, and by me ; and here

is the way it happened. The divine Rachel had risen from her knees to *Amour sacré de la patrie*, and all the world began to cheer, and cry, and embrace; and I embraced Obady, who was there all the time, sitting before me, and I did not see him, for my eyes were fixed on the great Rachel; and he embraced me, and drew me out, I know not how, for I was no longer sensible of anything but of him holding my hand; and then another embraced me outside, and it was Jerry, and we went together to a *Cabinet de Société*, to pour out our hearts together; and I found that Obady and Jerry were to fight for the Republic — the right one that is to come, called after the colour of martyrs and of roses — the *République Rouge*. But hear this, beloved and revered sister — I told Jerry that he had come into possession of a rich father, at which he greatly rejoiced, because the discovery would enable him to prove he had the soul of a republican; and he would not come home with me as I asked — nor leave Obady, who wanted him to go with

me, but would not himself join us until he had done something so sublime that he could appear with a high head before his uncle. So please tell *mon frère, the citizen*, Henry Mathews, that his nephew loves him with his whole Red Republican soul ; and when Jerry declared he would not embrace father or touch fortune until the old rotten society was knocked down, and the temple of Liberty erected on its ruins, I thought of my revered (the word 'patroness' was here written, but the pen drawn across it) sister's beautiful lessons from the Roman history, and how delighted ('Lady Softworth' rubbed out) my sister will be to find a greater than Brutus, either Lucius Junius or Marcus, to whom Obady and I promised a statue ; and this is the whole story. We are sworn republican brothers, who have taken hands like the three in the grand opera of Guillaume Tell ; and our mountain is the one on which sat the grand figure of Robespierre, and our moonlight the pure and beautiful face of the republic rising over a tranquil world ; and if Jerry renounced

father and fortune, and Obady would not go to the uncle whom he loves, how could I leave them?—My sacrifice in giving momentary pain to you, friend of my youth, is greater than either of theirs. I could write for ever if they would let me, but they have not dined, for they laid their money on the altar of the Marseillaise, and are now so hungry that they make me stop. Vive la République!

“Believe me,

“With the most profound respect,

“Your Ladyship, ton frère,

(Signed) “Le Citoyen JUSTIN FORBES.”

Captain Cuffe laid down the letter, and walked up and down the salon, saying to himself, “How that letter relieves me! how happy I feel! how well it happened that I was there! How fortunate that that particular *café* should be the only one where pale ale was to be had! Wonderful are the ways of fortune. If Cuffe had not wished to smoke a havannah; if Cuffe could have put up with Bock-beer or Stras-

burg, these three gallant young fellows would be now without a franc. Take thirty francs — say thirty francs, oh, yes, thirty francs — two bottles champagne *frappé* — sixteen — *Bécasses truffé* — we'll say forty : there would remain four hundred and sixty francs : that will keep them from starving till we find them." And Cuffe, in the same absent way, was taking his hat to go in search evidently of the lost sheep ruddled with red.

"Good, dear Captain Cuffe!" cried Lady Softworth, taking him by both hands, and looking up to him with glistening eyes — "How generous — how good! but you did not know Just was abandoning us when you gave him your purse."

"Not I — not I;" and Cuffe related the circumstance as it happened, with unaffected simplicity, not supposing that he had done more than one countryman would do for another, who, having ordered a good supper, found that he had forgotten his purse. He could only think of his own strange misfortune in missing the oppor-

tunity, which he would still accuse himself of having been too dull to see, of saving these young fellows from peril, and restoring them to their friends, as he had once missed the other opportunity of rendering the greatest service to a woman for whom he had conceived an indelible affection.

All that could be done was to pass a resolution to seek out the fugitives, and to take immediate steps for carrying it into execution.

Another resolution was taken by Lady Softworth alone, which was to write forthwith to Edward Plantagenet Lush, whose presence upon a scene of adventures so deeply concerning him had now become indispensable.

CHAPTER IX.

“THIS is the letter you have been expecting, for I know the old gentleman’s handwriting. The concierge handed it to me, saying that Citizen Bataille, to whom you see it is addressed, would call *tout à l’heure*.”

“So like Bataille’s delicate way of acting! He did not wish Just to be present while we were reading the contents.”

“Come, read it, Obady!” cries Jerry.

Obady read.

“The editor of the *Cornucopian Magazine* presents his compliments to the author of the article, *Adventures of a Strolling Player*, in January number; begs to enclose him first half Bank of England note for £10. The editor takes the liberty of suggesting a continuation of the *Adventures*, in the same

light, readable vein, so agreeable to the public, which prefers amusement to instruction. As writing of this description cannot cost much effort to a pen so evidently facile, the editor respectfully proposes that the author shall defer his acknowledgment until he can enclose the required paper, which, if found equal to his first light gossipy attempt, shall be remitted for at same time with second half."

"Capital!" cries Jerry.

"How capital? You find that complimentary to the author?"

"Hang the author — beg your pardon. The order for execution involves suicide. I say it is capital. Ten pounds certain, and another ten in prospect, for surely we three can knock off a sheet in no time."

"Light and gossipy — an article over which we have shed tears ——"

"Mingled with laughter, Obady."

"I wish my father had not used such bourgeois epithets as light and gossipy. I am sure the narration went to my heart," observed Just, in tones which appeased the

wounded authorial feelings of the principal writer.

“If it must be so, it must be so.”

“To be sure it must. Now, how are we to cast the parts? What is each to throw into the charmed pot? ‘When shall we three meet again?’ And who’ll do the thunder, who the lightning, and who the rain, who the powerful and spasmodic, who the brilliant, and who the sentimental? Obady had better do the thunder.”

“And Jerry the lightning,” proposed Just.

“And old Jaffier Just. Why do you blush?”

“Because Jaffier betrayed the Venetian Red Republic, and I should be sorry to play Jaffier a second time.”

“You have got another sort of Belvidera for your partner now, my man.”

“I am sometimes reminded of our first appearance, friends, when I hear these truculent threats of massacre and incendiarism. Gad! it is a certain police magis-

trate who threatens to act Regnault. More blood, cries old Regnault."

"Justin Forbes, surely, surely you are not wavering?"

"Obady, I see you want to prepare us for the sentimental by a suspicion which brings the rain to my eyes."

"My dear fellow!"

"Do you think that, with this glorious example of Jerry sacrificing father and fortune before my eyes, Justin Forbes could play the recreant?"

"Come — come. Obady would give his heart's blood rather than hurt you," says Jerry.

"That I would," cries Obady.

"And Justin would lay down his life for both."

"Now for the article," cries Jerry, "what shall it be?"

"I am thinking that if I could bring in an account of our first amateur performance in 'Venice Preserved,' it would be a hit. I have the whole scene so vividly before my eyes, and particularly the face

of that bright, earnest little girl, for whom alone I played. Yes, alone. Jerry and I have found by experience what it is for some one pair of sympathising eyes to look out distinctly from the vague crowd; once they are riveted upon you, and that you are riveted by them, the whole performance becomes directed to and guided by that single star. How strange that I should have played Pierre for little Julia Masterman! How are they, the Mastermans?"

"Masterman became a bankrupt, and died of a broken heart, and your father kindly lends money to the widow."

"I will ask no more questions about home."

"When I get my fortune, won't I set your Julia to rights?"

"Poor little girl!"

"Obady, a bright idea strikes me; let us write an account of the new plays. It would be such a capital heading, 'The Drama under the Republic,' or something that way; besides, it would be a patriotic service to our own playwrights; they must

be badly off for matter, unless plagiarists have more pluck than other sorts of light-fingered gentry."

"It is really too bad to be for ever dressing up poor Mons. Bonhomme in the costume of the good old English retired cheesemonger."

"There are no new plays," said Just, "nothing new except dramatic satires upon the republic, such as *La Propriété c'est le Vol*, and *Les Partageurs*, the point of which would not be understood."

"They are indeed a good people," said the citizen Bataille, who came in while Just was speaking; "would any other people but themselves bear being mocked and laughed at to their face save these amiable Faubourgiens, as a certain ex-monarch jocosely called them?"

"How clearly he must now perceive his error, Citizen Bataille!" seriously moralized Jerry.

"Exile is a proper expiation for ill-mannered facetiousness at the expense of his betters, the sovereign people. You must

come to the Conservatoire this evening," continued M. Bataille, "there is to be important business."

The three looked interrogatively at M. Bataille, whom we may as well describe. His appearance was that of a refined, well-bred, intellectual gentleman. He was a man of some thirty years of age, of dark complexion, with glossy black hair, which was carefully combed, and of elaborately cut and trimmed beard. Although he wore a *blouse* like a workman, yet his shirt was of the finest lawn, and his boots shone like ebony. Were it not for the restlessness of his small, quick, deeply sunk eyes there would have been nothing to indicate his inward fanaticism. He was an extreme republican, adopting the wildest doctrines, which he could support by singularly subtle arguments. Not only could he make the worse appear the better cause—but to him it was the better cause. In the ordinary intercourse of life no man was more amiable, kind, and gentle. Yet by an apparently inexplicable inconsistency he would listen

with complacency to the most atrocious acts of an infuriated mob, expressing his sympathy with the sacred anger of the people,—of the wise, the good, the supremely good people; who, in his eyes, were infallible in judgment, and perfect in conduct; all he needed was concession of some abstract principle too innocent to be refused, when with inexorable logic he would proceed to deduce consequences as tremendous as unexpected, and for this principle he would sacrifice every humane consideration. Obligated to fly for having taken part in a regicide conspiracy, he mastered the English language with extraordinary facility, went on the stage, and there met Obady and Jerry, over whom, the former particularly, he acquired complete ascendancy. Each considered himself the victim of an ill-organised society, which the three burned to overturn, and accordingly, upon the breaking out of the revolution, resolved to assist in the great work of regeneration.

“ Yes, important business. This Constituent Assembly is a humbug. The royalist

re-actionary element predominates, as might have been foreseen, and had been foreseen. But this miserable government would not listen to advice, to postpone the elections until the people had been educated into the right use of their new duties ; and now we must come to a temporary despotism, in order to save the Republic, by fashioning it aright."

"Take a glass of wine."

"I never drink wine. Water, if you please. These good people are too simple to understand hints. We turn out three hundred thousand workmen, in the expectation that they will clear the Hôtel de Ville of these imbeciles ; and they take seriously the cries of *Vive la République ! Vive le Gouvernement Provisoire !* which we meant for stratagem. Simple, good-natured, good-humoured fools, when we shake them together, instead of emitting sparks of fire, we only round off their asperities !"

"The next demonstration, although better managed, was baffled too."

"So it was. And now the gunpowder

for blowing up the Hôtel de Ville has been discovered, so there must be no more absurd conspiracy. We will boldly march up to the Assembly, and turn out the re-actionary *Républicains du lendemain*."

"Another gunpowder plot!" cried Just.

"It will of course be contradicted publicly this evening."

"How can it be contradicted, if true?"

"All is fair in war, citizen. We are in the midst of war; the enemy is within the gates, and we are to be the judges of the best means for deceiving those whom we are to extinguish. You will take care to be in time; for after the public business of the evening, there is to be a discussion of some private affairs. You understand? Adieu, *mes frères*."

"Wait. The Conservatoire is a school for music?" asked Jerry.

"You never had the supreme good fortune to assist at a concert there?"

"Never."

"Never heard the *Seasons*, the *Messiah*, *La Pastorale*?"

“Never.”

“Then you have not heard the music of Paradise!”

Bataille now launched into expressions of ecstasy, tempered with the most discriminating criticism. The fierce, resolute leveller became changed into the artist, who seemed to forget all about the baffled gunpowder plot and the fresh conspiracy; and he left his young friends in a state of admiration, and in the right tune for the required article for the *Cornucopian Magazine*.

The *Conservatoire*, in which the club of Citizen Bataille's preference assembled, was the pretty little theatre of that name in the populous quarter of the Faubourg Poissonnière. The President was a popular hero, a saint, and a martyr — that is to say, a fearless conspirator, with whom conspiracy being a passion, he passed a long life in gaol, and was so abstemious that he could make a dinner off the remains of an anchorite's supper. It was said that he even conspired against his own friends, but excused the treason with the argument

that the little bit of amateur treachery was only to keep his hand in practice. To wipe off this slur, imposed, however, upon him the necessity of proving his present sincerity by a piece of sublime devotion to the Republic; and so he chose the part of Guy Fawkes, minus the self-burying in the ruins of the Hôtel de Ville.

The *Bureau*, as it was called, was placed not inappropriately upon the stage. The *bureau* was a term which expressed generally the chairman, secretaries, and managing committee. Behind the *bureau* moved about the war leaders of the club, wearing the *bonnet rouge*, begirt with the red sash, and carrying their muskets. These were the smart jockeys, who when the neck-and-neck race came for the prize of power, hoped to be in first, and then shoot down the closest brethren at their heels. Citizen Bataille and his three English citizen brethren were on duty this evening.

According to the programme, or order of the night, the President, having rung his little bell, and sipped his *eau sucré*, to clear

his dry, caustic voice, took out the lying evening journal which so calumniously turned some neglected old stores found in the vaults of the Parisian mansion-house into gunpowder barrels; whereupon he was very facetious at the expense of the ex-Prefet or Lord Mayor, whose notions of a "blow out," as well as the pleasantry can be rendered into the language of London city, meant a "blow up." The lying editor of the calumnious journal called the suspicious-looking sort of mine in which the powder was found a *boyau*, and this word "bowel" afforded him much scope for a chilling kind of merriment, which made people laugh and shiver together.

After this satisfactory contradiction, he called upon the orator of the evening, Le Citoyen Miel, to deliver the speech of the night. Citizen Miel advanced, taking off his *bonnet rouge*. He was a fair, sleek, middle-sized young man, who looked as if he had lived on butter and honey. His soft eyes, his fair soft cheeks, his soft hands, seemed to exude the mawkish benevolence

with which he looked as crammed as a fowl; and there he turned, as on a spit, frying and melting, and sputtering forth the most savoury invitations to come and eat him. Miel's theme was the identity of the Club's doctrines with those of Christianity. Communism and Christianity were the same! They were the same sacrifice of individual wealth to the good of the community — the same brotherly love — the same self-denial on the part of the rich, who were kindly, tenderly, coaxingly invited to throw in their superfluous abundance, and rejoice in the feeding of the multitude at their expense. If his fraternal appeal was not listened to, it would not be the fault of the Communist brethren should they, in the first instance — mind, the first instance only — be obliged to use a slight degree of compulsion. It would wring their loving hearts to be so forced to drive the *bourgeoisie* to the table of the public feast. But Christianity taught that all men were equal, and consequently entitled to an equal amount of the goods of this world.

“Christianity teaches the contrary—it teaches brotherly love and self-denial.”

Immediately the *salle* was thrown into the wildest commotion. Who was the daring heretic who presumed to offend a sacred conclave of the Communist Church with this inhuman speech?”

Le Citoyen Miel spread out his two oily hands to calm down the billowy parterre, which was, as it were, lashing itself against a front box, in which sat a party, some of whom were certainly English, as was the impudent individual, who sat as unmoved as if he had said the most innocent thing in the world.

The President rang his bell, and called order.

Citoyen Miel begged they would hear him, and the house obeyed. If he was not mistaken, it was an English voice that had spoken; and he was sure his citizen brethren would unite with him in giving a cordial welcome to a son of that noble country which had preceded them in the path of liberty. (Cries of “No,” and “Yes.”) He

said preceded, but which was now left far behind.

“I deny that,” said the same bold individual; whereupon the storm rose once more, and Citoyen Miel again spread out his oily hands, and the President called order, and Citoyen Miel resumed his speech.

He would appeal to his good English friend, as he would appeal to the assembly, whether the relations between the two countries had ever been upon so friendly a footing as since the establishment of the Republic.

“That is true—quite true,” replied the stranger, amidst cheers from all parts.

“Now my proposal is, that my good friend and brother shall come forward and engage with me in a fraternal controversy; and I think I may answer for an assembly of French citizens, that he shall be treated with impartiality, courtesy, and respect.”

While this scene was being enacted in front, another was going on behind. Jerry’s quick eye had recognised the countenance of one of the party as that of his father.

The face was pale, the eye more lustrous than ever, and the additional brilliancy was owing to his abundant hair, now turned prematurely grey. He also recognised the lady seated beside him to be Lady Softworth; and there was a gentleman at the other side who looked thin and worn, as from suffering, and evidently a Frenchman; a strange lady was seated between the latter and the person who by his interruption had attracted attention to the party, and whose face he thought familiar; and beyond him was one so redundantly genial that he had no difficulty in setting him down to be Obady's uncle, Henry Mathews, of whom he has heard so much. Jerry seized both his friends by the arms, staring and panting as if at an apparition; and as his gun fell upon the boards at the same moment, it startled the audience. Obady, who perceived the cause, with presence of mind turned his back on the house, so that Jerry was able to gaze over his shoulder without being recognised.

“Be firm, Jerry—be firm, Justin Forbes,”

muttered Obady ; for Just, who had recognised Lady Softworth, and knew and was known intimately by the whole party, trembled as if overcome by shame.

Obady called Bataille to his aid, and between them they succeeded in restoring firmness and reviving resolution.

But if Captain Cuffe should accept the challenge to come down upon the stage, what were they to do ?—and lo ! he was standing upon his feet ; but Lady Softworth seems to be entreating him not to carry out his intentions. The other lady sits passively and still, as if she would not have disliked the combat. Count D'Avray looks about him disdainfully ; while there is a “Don't make a fool of yourself” expression about Henry Mathews' countenance, which appears to be conclusive. As for Edward Plantagenet Lush, he seems to pay no attention to what is going forward, but is with his luminous eyes searching through the obscurity of the back part of the stage ; and Jerry feels persuaded that his eye is piercing into his own heart ; and what would he not

give to be allowed to rush forward and embrace him ! But his love is in the binding grasp of an implacable fanaticism.

Hush ! Captain Cuffe speaks.

He begs to thank the eloquent citizen for his invitation, as well as the president for his obliging offer to ensure impartial attention ; and he thanks the meeting for civility, which a long residence in France had taught him to expect from courteous Frenchmen. But he begged to be allowed to refrain from attempting a long address, for which he was not equal, and especially in presence of so able an adversary. With the permission of the house, he and his friends would withdraw, on account of the ladies, who were accustomed to retire early.

This speech, delivered in French, and in a simple tone, won general applause. Friendly hands opened the box doors, and they passed through a lane of friendly faces to the two carriages waiting outside.

Cuffe and Henry Mathews entered one, which was surrounded by friendly citizen brothers. Count D'Avray showed the two

ladies into the second, whom he followed. As Edward was in the act of mounting, with one hand upon the carriage door, and the other on the carriage itself, he felt upon the latter a burning, intense kiss, and a shower of tears. He stepped back — the person had disappeared.

CHAPTER X.

"THIS is now the supreme trial — now or never ; our courage, friends, will be tested," said Bataille, dressed in his blouse for action.

"What are our chances of success?" asked Obady.

"They would seem to be overwhelming ; but after so many failures we must trust nothing to chance."

"Yes, the last failure was the most serious, for we not only were baffled in our attempt to dissolve the Assembly, but the leaders of the people are the chief ones captured, and the others so marked that they are paralysed and can take no active part."

"Precisely. You have touched the weak point. We have the advantage of numbers, position, and audacity. The army seems a

mere handful, the national guard without enthusiasm, but desperately dogged, because their all is at stake. If the *garde mobile* refuse, like true *enfants de Paris*, to fire on their brethren, victory is certain; if they fight against us, the result may be doubtful."

"You do doubt their fidelity to the cause!"

"They have unfortunately got their uniforms, and acquired the military *esprit du corps*. Had the battle surprised them in rags and blouses, their feelings might have been different. Now they will try to outvie the soldiers of the line, and Cavaignac can bestow the cross of the legion of honour."

"Is not the General brother of the famous republican, Godfrey?"

"He is; and if Godfrey were living he would be with us. The most serious part of our danger lies in Eugene being dictator for the moment, because he is believed to be a republican. If he were to fall——"

"Ha!"

“If their leaders could be taken down, then the game would be equal.”

“But, if the people be without leaders, is it not to be feared that in their present state of exasperation, after four months’ suffering from want of work, they may commit excesses?”

“They are sure to do so; that cannot be helped; the stronger the tide turns against them, the more savage will they become. Their pacification will be found in victory, which we must secure at all cost — at all. We must put aside natural weaknesses, and strike where we can, and how we can, by cunning, by terror, by ——” He paused.

“By treachery.”

“Ay, if you will call it so; but names change with circumstances. All is fair in war.”

“But will not leaders be as necessary after victory?”

“After victory leaders are never wanting. Our danger then becomes of another kind, that of being overladen and encumbered with support.”

“Our friends, who are in prison at Vincennes, would assume their rightful place, rendered the more sacred by their unmerited sufferings.”

“Unless the more cautious, who are now watching for the result from the benches of the Assembly, or the offices of police, should glide in and take the direction.”

Here the door of the chamber in the familiar old hotel, Rue St. Denis, was opened by Just and Jerry together.

“Lamoricière has just moved up the Faubourg, and where he is there will be hot work.”

“How cool the fiery little hero sat his horse!” exclaimed Jerry.

“Let us go that way;” and Bataille continued in a whisper to Obady, “Mind, we must pick down the leaders.”

The fighting had begun, and there was the fiery little hero with his watchful eye upon every man under his command.

“Now, Obady!”

At the moment when the two pieces

were levelled, a furious Faubourgian woman rushed forward, seized the General's horse by the bridle, and discharged a pistol at him; upon which he rose in his saddle, and, taking off his cocked hat, made her a polite bow, and then interposed to protect her from the rage of hands with levelled bayonets.

"I would have cursed myself for ever had I fired," muttered Obady to Bataille, who seemed surprised and disconcerted, but made no observation.

The fight went on hotly all that evening and the following day. As we presume the history of this tremendous conflict to be known to our readers, and as we are obliged by the exigencies of our narrative to set down no more than what immediately relates to the persons whose fortunes we are following, we will merely ask them to accompany us to another scene of the terrific drama, after which we shall take them to the close.

The Canal St. Martin traverses the Faubourg du Temple, where, for the con-

venience of foot-passengers, a bridge rises lofty enough to allow boats to sail under. The houses here form a sort of circle, from which radiate different streets. As the houses are filled with insurgents, and the entrances to the streets barricaded, except that to the main one, the officer who ascends that bridge with a glass in his hand will surely find himself in a perilous position.

When Bataille and his three English friends saw a tall, thin, stern soldier, attended by his aide-de-camp, deliberately ascend the steps of the canal bridge, and from the centre begin to take observations, they expected to see both fall down dead together.

“It is Cavaignac himself—he has already relieved Lamoricière, and he is come to take final measures; the fate of humanity is engaged.”

“You must not fire,” whispered Obady, with steady determination.

“See,” cries Jerry, “one who sets an example we ought to follow. Behold

yonder national guard, who, standing out before his company, prevents their firing. The signal is adopted by our men, who also suspend their shots. It is a tacit truce."

"It is noble of our fellows to disdain assassination."

"Assassination!" hissed Bataille, pallid with rage.

"It is Captain Cuffe himself," cries Just; "yes, that national guard man is Cuffe."

"I have had my eye for some time upon him," says Jerry, "and I have remarked that he never raised his gun — he has positively not fired a shot."

"Cavaignac descends. If he returns alive, Obady, you will be answerable for the ruin of our cause."

The military chief was descending, and, as if his departure broke the spell exercised by chivalrous bearing over the most vindictive passions, the firing recommenced, and before his foot touched the last step a hundred muskets were discharged at him in vain.

“Just, do you take care of my gun — I will have a word with Cuffe — he will not recognise me.”

Jerry, not considering the danger he was incurring, glided through the enemy until he reached the spot where Cuffe was smoking a cigar, heedless of random shots.

“You are a countryman,” began Jerry.

“Happy to be of service to you — if you are in difficulties,” replied the Captain, laying significant stress upon the latter part of the sentence.

“You will not betray me then — I mean, you will do for me what I ask?”

“Yes; if the request be an honourable one.”

“It is simply to take this letter, promising not to break the seal.”

“Until out at sea, wanting to be informed of the direction in which to steer?”

“Exactly. Now, may I ask you one question. How is it that you needlessly expose yourself to danger, for you have not fired a shot?”

“My dear fellow, I will tell you all

about it. I only wanted to see how Frenchmen fight;—their firing has, for my ear, the attraction of the pack in full cry. Then there is a third reason: I have friends in the opposite camp, and, bless my heart, what would become of me if I were to bring down Justin Forbes, or either of the pair of scamps who are in arms along with him.”

“No one shall shoot you, if I can help it, citizen. Good-bye! You won’t fire after me if I whisper in your ear *Vive la République Rouge!*”

“I won’t; but I cannot answer for my neighbours. Perhaps you will, in turn, do me a favour?”

“Most willingly.”

“Well, there is a foolish fellow—I suppose it would be impolitic to say servant in presence of your Equalityship, but as Owen M’Crone is a faithful fellow, I feel anxious for his safety, especially on account of the piety of his motives; the fact is, that seeing the priests all blessing the trees of liberty, he fancies that he is fighting for the Church.

Adieu! You see we are moving off; hope to meet again in the Faubourg St. Antoine —take care of Owen M'Crone for me."

As soon as Captain Cuffe was (to follow out his own figurative expression) far enough at sea, he broke the seal of the letter for instructions as to his course, when he found under the envelope, on which was simply written, "Please give enclosed as directed," a letter addressed,—

"EDWARD PLANTAGENET LUSH, Esq.

"Aux soins obligéants de

"LADY SOFTWORTH."

"I would rather face a barricade than that gentle lady with this letter in hand," thought the Captain to himself, "and here again another of the covey in hunt, for which the whole world is beating up the bush, comes and perches on my own hand, and I have not got sense enough to shake a little salt on his tail and catch him. How foolish I shall look to be sure! This was Jerry with whom I have been holding a parley. I now recollect him to be one of the three whom I helped out of quod;

better I had left the young rebels to settle the supper with the landlord. The row might have led to the return of the prodigals who fed on *truffles* for husks. I can give the letter to Mr. Lush directly — why not? It is addressed *aux soins* — bother! Cuffe cannot conquer his punctiliousness, especially when a lady is concerned. I must face the lovely face of danger after all, and, as usual, disarmed.”

It was a long way to the Faubourg St. Honoré, and furthermore there was the chance of incurring delay by being stopped every moment to answer inquiries by the National Guard lining the Boulevards, with orders to prevent any from passing who was not in uniform. Casting his eye about him, Cuffe saw a horse whose rider had fallen in the fray, and without ceremony he mounted the animal, resolving in his own mind to advertise the discovery in due time. Perceiving an officer riding rapidly in the direction of the Constituent Assembly, which was seated *en permanence*, the guards on duty concluded that he was

bearing intelligence to that body, and allowed him to ride past without interruption. It was a strange ride through the most busy, brilliant, and populous thoroughfare of perhaps any city in the world, without meeting man, woman, or child, or conveyance of any kind. Had the window shutters been all drawn to, it might have seemed a great city in mourning for the dead; but, by a strange incongruity, the volets or shutters were all thrown wide open, although not a face was to be seen, for it was feared lest closed shutters might serve as screens for insurgent spies or marksmen. There was no sound of wheels other than of the ammunition waggon, with its harsh rattling shake; the very funerals were suspended, lest the coffin should be filled with arms; and the milkmaid was obliged to lay aside her pail, lest it should contain something that was not of human kindness; and even coquetry was compelled to comb down curls, as if the extravagant hyperbole of Rabelais had become a fact, and that cannon balls were hidden therein.

It was only when a dull boom, followed by the hoarse grating fall of a stone defence, barricade, or wall, roused him to observation, that Cuffe could call to mind the conflict that was raging in the Faubourgs. At length, in the dreary midsummer evening, he reached the hotel where his friends sojourned, and, as usual, was met with anxious looks of inquiry, in reply to which Cuffe replied, with affected cheerfulness, that all was going on well. The Pantheon, which was the insurgent citadel on the left bank of the river, was in the hands of the faithful *Garde Mobile*, although a General had fallen. The Hôtel de Ville was disengaged, although two Generals fell there, and many more in other directions. By the operations of next day the insurrection would be, it was expected, confined to the Faubourg St. Antoine, towards which the army was converging.

This intelligence was received with gloomy silence; for besides the overwhelming sadness of the atmosphere, filled with wailing and sinister rumours of ferocious acts, the

signals of sweeping calamity, each then had a special trouble. D'Avray felt ashamed that he, a sailor by profession, should be within doors while the fate of society hung upon a conflict so mysterious that there was not even the key to intention, such as might be furnished by a known leader's name. This was no thoughtless outbreak, but a meditated plan, in which the military eye could discern science in the general scope, and intelligent art in the details; yet who was the veiled prophet, directing skilfully the arm that was to carry out his mysterious decrees? When the veil should fall the face would be found hideous, and that was all. But D'Avray's right arm was useless; nor had he yet recovered from the effect of a broken rib; and where could he do better service than where he was, ready to protect her who was dearer to him than the existence which without her would be existence no longer? Yet there worked under such reasonable considerations a tormenting sting of honour hardly to be appeased. Celestine would not allow Henry

to go; she would not for the reason that withheld Cuffe from drawing a trigger; his nephew, and his nephew's two friends, one of them personally beloved by themselves, the other endeared by Lady Softworth's concern, and the presence of the father who had come to seek a son miraculously brought to light; how could he direct his arm against the ranks in which they might be? The reason as regarded Henry Mathews was conclusive, and it silenced D'Avray.

When Captain Cuffe intimated that he wished to say a word privately to Lady Softworth, he could perceive, notwithstanding his well-assumed ease of manner, that all eyes became fixed upon him. Lady Softworth, responding with admirable tact to the Captain's manner, rose to follow him into the adjoining room, without betraying excitement, although the searching luminous eyes of that grey-headed man of sorrow which followed her were enough to disturb her equanimity.

No one spoke; a long time indeed seemed

to have elapsed before Lady Softworth, returning with a grave, gentle air, said to Edward Lush that Captain Cuffe desired to speak to him. Edward rose and withdrew, and when Lady Softworth, taking the vacant seat, rested her head upon her hand, it was understood that something had occurred in connexion with Mr. Lush's inquiries.

After a pause she endeavoured, with as much calmness as she could command, to narrate the extraordinary interview, by the canal bridge, between Captain Cuffe and Mr. Lush's son, and of his having been charged with a letter which no doubt the father was at that moment reading.

Here Captain Cuffe entered, shutting the door gently, with the observation that he thought it best to leave the poor gentleman alone and unobserved while reading a letter which must necessarily prove harrowing to his feelings. They all tried then to take part in general conversation, in their ordinary tone of voice, as if to re-assure the father that there were no observers or listeners.

He was, however, too deeply absorbed in his son's letter to pay attention to external circumstances. It ran thus:—

“Oh! beloved father—oh! father adored—shall these lines which I now write in the hope that they may yet reach you, ever come under your eyes—your dear eyes? Must I grieve you most at the very moment when discovering the friend who snatched me from a low miserable life to be the father to whom I owe life itself?—must I grieve you by an unnatural repression of the instincts of nature, which urge me to rush into your arms? Oh! rather say to throw myself at your feet and kiss the ground on which you walk. Will you not say, It was well I never knew him other than a stranger, a foundling, a wretched mountebank, whom I took up out of the mire, and fed and taught, thus satisfying the benevolence of a charitable heart, as I would have done for any forlorn outcast? Yet I am not so bad as I once appeared. I was not the monster to steal from my benefactor. Fool that I was, not to have stayed; but I was fright-

ened, and I was fond of Obady; I was allured by the love of adventure, and felt myself so finely educated that I could not fail to rise to the summit of the theatrical profession; and indeed I did get on very well. Obady and I went through what seemed to him privation — but which to me, after the wretched experience I had had, appeared trifling indeed. Oh! how often when the house was rung with applause, and the boards shook beneath my feet, thrilling upwards to my heart and brain, I thought of the benefactor to whose instruction and care, and kindness, I owed my glorious position! Oh! how is it that I should have failed to discover the hand of the father — the dear hand; the dear, blessed, and blessing eye of the father? Oh! dolt — could such love have come from a strange source? How was I lost — how stolen — from whom? Why pain my dear father with such questions? I want to know nothing. It is my father to whom I wish to make known that I love him, and am not ungrateful — that is all I want. When I was told that I

was your son, I was pledged to the cause of humanity. Life before that moment had no value in my eyes; for what was I? Nobody! — the world denounced me — it seemed to me a careless, selfish, rather than a cruel world, in which men appeared to me individually kind, but collectively indifferent. Men are called hard and selfish, but I made excuse for them, saying it is all the fault of society, which despises poverty, and excites pride and vanity. If I thought that old conventional rules could be cut away, and instead of wealth becoming the mark of respect, it should be virtue — the greatest being the best — man's heart being allowed free play, it would indulge in movements of affection, instead of contracting with passion for gain, that it might swell with superiority over a less successful brother. These vague thoughts of mine assumed an important shape when a great philosopher, M. Bataille, set them out before my mind in sure scientific form; and when the hour of deliverance sounded from the city of the vanished Bastille, I along with

Obady, who shared my thoughts, obeyed our friends' summons, swearing to abide together till the victory of the true Republic should be a fact. Oh! what a trial! To find myself placed between the alternative of proposed honour and a fond father's embrace. But I felt it was but a postponement. Still that would have been too much, if I had not vowed that I would make the postponement the way to a crown of honour. Oh! said I to myself, the day my father holds me to his heart, for the first time, a son, he will feel that he does more and better than yield to a natural emotion, which, no matter whether I might be worthy or unworthy, would be still the same — an ordinary debt paid to exacting nature — he will embrace me as one worthy of his name and of himself. This declaration I now place upon my heart, — should I fall, oh! may some kind hand convey this bequest of love—it is all I have—to my dear dear father.

(Signed) JERRY (?) LUSH.

“I open this; for since I wrote it, I have

seen you—yes, Father, have seen you. You did not see me—I kissed your hand. I must not attempt to describe my emotions. When you turned, I was gone—for I had just renewed my oath to the Cause. Oh! may I be no useless martyr! Forgive me, dear Father!”

The party becoming uneasy at the long silence of Mr. Lush in the adjoining room, Lady Softworth ventured to go in and see him—she returned in a few minutes, her eyes filled with tears. “He was sitting,” she said, “with his eyes riveted upon the back of his hand—the hand which his son had kissed. When she spoke to him, he did not answer—when she laid her hand upon his shoulder, he sadly shook his head.”

“I think,” wisely observed Celestine, “it would be well for Captain Cuffe to return to see him. He will be roused by his presence to make inquiries regarding the way he received the letter, and the meeting.”

As all approved of the proposal, Cuffe did return. “The kiss—the kiss! Yes, it is there, a focus of burning love—dear

boy! I see it with my eyes, a luminous spot softened to my vision with sweet tears—it runs up my veins into my heart of hearts! This, and my mother's portrait, are all I have worth possessing. The portrait!—I must go to my room, where it hangs, placed by a kind hand. I did not dare to touch it. I will now press the kissed hand to the mother's lip."

"Mr. Lush, can I be of any service to you?"

"Captain Cuffe, you can—you can. You of all men. You met him; you met him once—twice. Why not a third time? and this time I will be with you. We will go together to the Faubourg St. Antoine—shall we not?"

"We shall."

"Thank you! A moment's absence, and I am ready."

CHAPTER XI.

IN a street off the Faubourg St. Antoine there stands a house, or hospital, or asylum, or school, partaking in fact of the character of each and all, for it is open to the homeless, the sick, the suffering, and the ignorant; and it is tended by pious women, who essay to combine the devoted self-sacrificing acts of charity of one church with the more spiritual freedom and individual responsibility of another.

Before the house stood Just and Jerry, upon the melancholy Sunday which saw the terrible struggle of the days of June terminate in crime and despair. About the time when our two haggard, worn young friends are deep in the consideration of some purpose, such as we shall presently gather from their conversation, the insur-

rection upon the left bank of the Seine has been paralysed by the foul murder of a gallant, good General, who, advancing to offer terms of peace to misguided men, was with his aide-de-camp enticed within barrier gates that were shut upon them; and both, after being subjected to the grossest indignities, deliberately murdered.

Some vague report of this foul treachery has reached their ears, accompanied by consequences which could less be concealed—the speedy and overwhelming overthrow of wretches, whose desperation was no match for the indignation which their baseness had aroused. In fact, the army and National Guard, successful in all directions, were closing in upon the Faubourg St. Antoine, where upon the next day terms would be offered; and if rejected, then would come the final trial, the issue of which could be no longer doubtful. That there were heads cool and clear enough to understand the folly of further resistance cannot be doubted; and in this case the folly was wickedness as well, for such re-

sistance must necessarily lead to useless calamities. Yet they were overruled by the desperate few exercising a system of terror, and threatening death to any who should talk of surrender. It was, perhaps, as much for the sake of overruling waverers by fear, as because they were drunk and savage with disappointment, and the more stupidly fierce because, missing superior guide and direction, they planned, or pretended to plan, means of retaliation such as are repudiated by civilised people.

Such was the condition of things within the Faubourg upon that sunless Sunday, when a grey pall was spread across the sky, and the air seemed to stand still with horror.

"They are all women within this house," observed Just; "and perhaps this is the one threatened; but can you believe, Jerry, that they would have recourse to such a system of defence?"

"As to oblige young women to stand upon the barricade, under the belief that the soldiers, fearing to hurt them, would

not fire? Believe it or not, we must warn them."

"We had better say nothing to Obady of our intention. He would approve of it certainly; but he has been so irritated by Bataille's reproaches, that we had best not give cause for further disputes between them."

"Bataille is an inexorable fanatic, and capable of the most desperate expedients."

"Let us not linger here, or we shall be suspected of slinking from the scene of danger."

There was no difficulty in the way of admittance. The doors either lay open, or were closed to—certainly none locked. For some moments they could have fancied the place untenanted, until, opening the door of a large salon, they perceived two ladies, who, had it not been for their plain female costume, might have been taken for surgeons making preparations for the wounded, and such proved to be their occupation. Neither exhibited the least emotion at the appearance of a pair of insurgents, at first sight not pre-

possessing. The female inmates of the house—for others passed in and out, whispering intelligence and taking instructions—had evidently braced up their strength for all trials of courage, charity, and patience. Beds were arranged—lint was prepared—fires were burning, with utensils thereupon, in which were soup and medicaments.

After whispering together, the two ladies advanced. One, who was somewhat stern and of matronly dignity, addressing herself to Just, asked if she could be of any use to him.

“Oh, no, no; I fear we are intruders,” stammered the embarrassed youth, as if abashed by her superiority of manner.

The other lady, of a more gentle mien, said, looking compassionately in Jerry’s face:—

“Perhaps you are hungry?”

“We have come,” replied Jerry, naturally more self-possessed than his companion, “to render you a service, by warning you of the danger you incur by remaining here.”

"You are very kind, young gentlemen," interposed the more lofty lady; "but we dare to suggest that your danger is much more than ours; and were it otherwise, we are sustained by a sense of duty."

"Do not reproach them, Véronique; they are young and unreflecting—perhaps enthusiastic."

"Indeed, Thérèse, they do seem to claim compassion for their errors. You are engaged in a bad course, young gentlemen; and you have the less excuse that, being foreigners, it does not concern you."

"Pardon me, Madam," replied Jerry, with vivacity, "the cause is a general one, affecting humanity at large."

"How old are you?" asked Thérèse.

"Nearly seventeen, I believe."

She sighed, saying, as if to herself:—

"That would be his age."

"Where were you born?"

"In the neighbourhood of London, Madam."

"Your name?—No, no; I will not ask your name; we must not ask their names,

Véronique, for we might be called upon to give evidence ; and we are even forgetting now our agreement—not to know anything of anybody, but to administer relief with averted eyes.”

“ They are brothers,” observed Véronique.

“ More than brothers,” quickly replied Just ; and the idea flashing across his mind that, while risking his own name, he would take care not to compromise his friend, he added, “ and named Forbes—he Jerry, and I Justin.”

“ Forbes, Forbes ; a name I never heard,” observed Thérèse, in the same way as if communicating with herself. She resumed—“ You must both take a little soup and wine.”

The two youths gladly drank what was offered, but could eat nothing.

“ Can you not both remain where you are ?” mildly asked Thérèse.

“ I should like it,” said Just, “ but honour calls.”

“ And would *you* not like to remain ?” asked Thérèse again of Jerry, giving him a

long look of piercing, unutterable sweetness.

“I wish they would only come here at once, and try to put their threat into execution!” exclaimed Jerry, his eyes flashing fire.

“What a lovely youth, Véronique! how my heart warms to him!”

“What is the threat to which you allude?” abruptly asked Véronique.

“They threaten to make the females stand on the barricades, thinking the soldiers too chivalrous to fire while they are there.”

“I would myself call to the soldiers to do their duty,” said Véronique, drawing herself up proudly, “and I will answer for Thérèse being not less true.”

“You must offer no resistance, if they come,” said Thérèse, in the same sweet, gentle voice, laying her hand upon Jerry’s arm; “you must run no risk of danger upon our account.”

“Better that they should, Thérèse, than take part with such unmanly fellows.”

“Madame speaks the truth,” cried Just, in a tone which betrayed regret for his situation.

“Your brother is inclined to remain. You would not leave him, and we may conceal and save you both.”

“Conceal!” Jerry shook his head.

“An idea strikes me! Would you not like to aid us in our occupation? Come, come, you are young, perhaps guiltless; or if you have aimed at a fellow-creature’s life, you may now make atonement by aiding to bind up the wounds of others. Do, I beg of you; we are but weak women, after all. We are already weary, are we not, Véronique? Help us, for there will be a great deal to be done, and you will know what it is to love your fellow-creature when you are putting forth your youthful energies in the cause of true humanity, not talking about it, but sympathising with the actual suffering man. Put away that weapon, and let me take off this ugly red cap, and undo this red sash. There now, how differently you look! Come with me;

here is soap and water, sit down on that chair. Dear me, Véronique, one would think I was a mother, dressing and combing a truant son."

Véronique and Just looked on with a sort of wonder, neither moving, as Jerry submitted without resistance to the gentle handling of Thérèse, whose pathetic playfulness was divinely irresistible. Taking up a scissors she cut off a lock of Jerry's brown lustrous hair, which, laying upon the palm of her hand, she held so that the light falling upon it revealed its composing shades. She then drew a little oval-shaped frame from her bosom, which she undid at the back, and taking out a different lock of hair, laid it upon her hand side by side with the other, and holding both to the light, there was not a shade of difference between them. How deeply she sighed! Madame Véronique and Just still looking on in silent wonder, while Jerry sat in passive pleasure like a child, or a lamb, whom some gracious fair is decorating with a riband or a flower. She scrutinised his

features, but the result of the examination was not such as to confirm the idea, whatever it might have been, that had been suggested by the comparison of the two locks of hair. She restored to the frame the hair she had taken from it, which she had hardly accomplished, when her fingers, trembling all the time, let it fall. Jerry quickly picked it up, and as his eye fell upon a miniature, behind which the hair was, he exclaimed, "How like!"

"How like whom?"

"The best friend I have in the world. Tell me, Just, do you recognise a resemblance?"

Just did not perceive the two eyes that were intently fixed upon him, while seeking to recall a face, that, although familiar, was an older one than that before him.

"Well, Just, is it like him whom I mean? You know whom."

"Yes, very like what he might have been when that was taken."

A tear fell from Jerry's eye on the portrait, as he again gazed upon it; and he

raised it reverently, but quite involuntarily, to his lips.

"You know that face?" said Thérèse, in a tone of voice so deep and guttural, and so contrary to her usual accent, which was of a soft, rich melody, that Jerry felt as one transfixed.

"It is the image of my own father."

"But *your* name is Forbes."

"No, it is the name of my brother."

"Brothers have not different surnames."

"We are not brothers in the flesh," answered Just, "but brothers in the work of regeneration."

"No more of this nonsense, boy!" cried Thérèse; "answer me directly, is your name Forbes?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"And his? Answer for him."

"Lush."

In a moment her arms were round Jerry's neck, who felt upon his shoulder a convulsion which shook him as if he had heard the trump of the last judgment.

"Why did you equivocate?" angrily

muttered Véronique, more to find a vent for her agitation than to reprove Just.

“What is your calling?”

“I was intended for diplomacy ——”

“You begin well,” replied Véronique, with sarcasm, and Just would not have known what to do or say if Obady had not opened the door and entered.

“You and Jerry were seen to enter here,” said Obady, “and I have come to announce to you that there appears to be a favourable chance of this struggle, of which I am now sick and weary, being brought to a peaceful conclusion. The Archbishop is coming to offer his mediation. Where is Jerry? I want him. His father is at the other side of the barricade.”

“My father at the other side of the barricade?” and Jerry started up with a look of terror and horror, Thérèse with her hands grasping each shoulder; and now her face was as if turned to stone by the inexplicable terror of the youth’s countenance.

“Do you shake me off, Sir? I am your mother ——”

“Shake you off — shake you off? Oh, Heaven!” and he clasped her in his arms. “Oh, mother! let me go fetch him to you — my father ——”

“Why did you ever leave him? What is your Christian name?”

“Jerry.”

“Jerry, he was not cruel to you surely?”

“I did not know he was my father. He found me a child, stolen, and without parents, and took me home and fed and dressed and taught me; and I ran away and became a player — and then — here I am.”

“Did he never speak of your mother?”

“He raves about his wife, whom he has sought and sought in vain; and he is here now seeking for her.”

“The marriage was illegal, Jerry.”

“Legal — legal — legal, he swears.”

“And he never married?”

“Never — never — never.”

“He owns you?”

“He does.”

“And so do I!” and she again clasped

him in her arms, and he could not disengage himself.

“Mother — mother !”

“Son !”

“Let me go. I go to bring my father.”

“We will go together.”

“No, no ; you would be exposed to danger.”

“No, *I* will go, and you shall remain here. Your friend will guide me.”

“Thérèse,” said Véronique, “you had better stay ; there is a suspension of the firing, and they will be able to communicate to your husband the joyful intelligence.”

“And you are all going ? If you leave me, I am lost. Oh ! it is all a dream ; let me not waken up ; let me sleep again.”

She fell down in a dead faint.

“What shall I do !” cried Jerry, in deep distress.

Véronique, with her usual presence of mind, addressing Obady, said, “You seem to be the eldest and coolest — take him to his father. Mr. Forbes will remain with

me, and help me to take care of her, until you return with HIM. Both will be better prepared for the meeting together."

Jerry still waited to assist Véronique in raising up his mother and laying her upon a bed; and then, pressed by all to go with Obady, he hurried to the barricade which closed the entrance of the Faubourg St. Antoine.

"I have seen your face before," said Véronique to Just, looking now at him and then at Thérèse, and from Thérèse to him; "were you at Port Royal the February day?"

"Yes, yes; it was I brought the news, and Lady Softworth was so grieved at your leaving;" then he whispered, "she said she was sure that Thérèse and Kate—she called her Kate—were the same."

"Kate, Kate! who calls Kate?" asked Thérèse, wakening gently out of her dream. "It is long since I have been called Kate. You call me Kate; who are you? Who told you my name? It was he; where is he? my son; where is he? Jerry?"

“ He will return directly with good news, dear Thérèse.”

“ I am not Thérèse, I am Kate. Kate Cassidy, Kate Lush, Kate anybody ; but no longer Thérèse. There has been enough of masquerade ; I will proclaim who I am in the face of the world. There is no shame ; I was married, and am his wife. What cares he for their lying laws ? Our marriage was made in Heaven, and before Heaven.”

“ It is all true,” exclaimed Just, with choking voice. “ Lady Softworth says it.”

“ Softworth, Softworth ?”

“ You recollect, dear, the lady who took us home from Port Royal, the February day.”

“ The gentle, sweet lady ; how does she know me ?”

“ Because she knows Mr. Edward Plantagenet Lush.”

“ She knows Edward ?”

“ And she knows Jerry, and Obady ; and it was she took me to France, my beloved friend and patron.”

“ And you have left her?”

“ Because I met Obady and Jerry, and would not leave them.”

“ You would not leave Jerry? Kiss me, good fellow! You would not leave Jerry? Where is Jerry? I must see him; I must follow him, I must follow him. I shall choke here. I must go.”

“ Go with her,” said Véronique to Just; “ do not lose sight of her.”

After they were gone Véronique stood for a few minutes thinking, in deep wonder, and then, according to her own prevailing sense of duty, was about to retire into another room, where lay a wounded stranger, who was no other than our friend Owen McCrone, when her step was arrested by the voice of an English maiden. Perhaps the reader will be more surprised by the entrance of another acquaintance at this moment, the faithful Sally Styles.

Yet the apparent mystery is capable of an explanation as simple as it is old-fashioned. When Owen was wounded, in what his poor soul believed to be the cause

of the Church, it was his odd fate to be carried for cure into an establishment conducted by ladies more of his own and all other good-natured people's way of feeling than of thinking. While he lay upon his back his thoughts reverted to kind Sally, and it would have been strange if, amongst sharp-witted brother-rebels, he could not find one ready, for love and money, to convey his last words, as he believed them for a moment to be, to the mistress of his heart. Was it so strange that Sally, when she read the tender billet, should cry? Was it out of the order of things that her good lady, finding her in tears, should ask the cause? and that, unable to find utterance, Sally should have handed her the note, which ran as follows:

“JEWEL OF MY SOUL,—Don't be unaisy for me, for I am not much hurt; but I couldn't lie quiet in my bed if I didn't let you know that, with the last breath laving my body, your darling name was upon my dying lips, not that I am going to die intirely this time, anyhow; but only sup-

posing I was, my last word would be your name, and it would open the gates of glory to my soul. I am very well off considering; but I can't make out to what order the holy ladies belong, as there is only one who can spake the language in which I was born, and she is such a blessed one—they call her Madame Thérèse, after the saint of that name, I suppose, whom she equals in the divine look of her beautiful face; her frind's name, the Abbess she must be, is Madame Véronique, and the house is near the barracks we burned when I caught the shot that sent me limping fast when they cotched me, and took me in and laid me up in lavender. It's Rue de Reuilly where I'm stopping, for I took it down exact. Don't betray my being here, or I might be sent across the herring brook, and I only wish to be transported by my own dear, darling Sally. Till death,

“O. McC.”

Thérèse found at last! Thérèse a deaconess, and Edward is gone to the Faubourg St. Antoine, where lies this Rue

de Reuilly, in which Thérèse carries on her charitable duties. Edward is gone to seek his son through manifold danger. What if he should, seeking him, find her ? What if he should find both ? And oh ! if it could be vouchsafed to one who has shared his anxieties, and almost devoted herself to the same search and inquiry, to witness the fearful joy of such a meeting ; one so dreadful in its ecstasy as to demand a softening intermediary. How desirable too that it should be conveyed to Edward that she is found.

These, and many other thoughts like and unlike these, rushed through her mind with the swiftness of a laden whirlwind, yet all distinct as stars in their guided race.

“ Well, Sally,” she said, calmly, but with firm suggestion, “ what answer do you give this faithful fellow ? ”

Sally answered, out of her stout, Saxon heart, “ that she would make her way to her true lover.”

Her mistress said, “ We will go together. Tell nobody — nobody — we will go together.”

It was a difficult undertaking, and, had they been Frenchwomen, perhaps impossible; but two strangers, one of strikingly distinguished appearance and of captivating beauty and manners, and the other fair to look upon, and armed with the magic power of a lover's distress, could do a great deal with loyalist or rebel. If national guards bowed and yielded, insurgents, with an inbred courtesy, inexplicably linked with the most furious forgetfulness of the more serious rights of humanity, handed the lady and her attendant over the barricades, and passed them on with merry watchword, banishing apprehension.

We must leave Owen McCrone holding Sally's hand with both his own to his lips, while Sally, with the disengaged arm, is searching her pocket for the tea, "which she knew he would not get if she did not think, in the midst of her flurrification, of the good it would do him." Yes, we must leave them, to follow Thérèse, or Kate, whichever you will, fair reader.

Just, following Thérèse, had caught her

by the hand, when their way was barred by a female in black, who, raising her veil, disclosed to Justin the well-known face of Lady Softworth. Surprise and self-humiliation, mingled with extreme anxiety at meeting in such a scene of danger, so overwhelmed him that he could have dropped upon his knees. A glance revealed to him that neither indignation nor reproach flashed from eyes that expressed only the strongest concern; so he could only say, as he seized her hand and kissed it, "Why did you venture here? For God's sake let me, at all hazards, — I do not say of my life, for it is nothing — at all hazards, conduct you out of this fearful place."

"I did not venture here, Justin, without measuring the risk; and as I came for no light object, so neither can I allow myself now to turn back without an effort. Is not this the lady called Thérèse?"

"Lady Softworth, you forgive my abrupt departure from your hospitable roof?"

"It is Thérèse!" And she clasped her in her arms and kissed her. "It is to seek you

I have dared to come here, for I have been seeking you for many a day. Your husband is seeking you even here in the midst of peril."

"Where is he?—Where is he?—Where is Edward?"

"Do, I entreat of you, return and remain within doors praying for me, and I promise not to shrink from any efforts until I have found him. Think how unfit it would be to have the eyes of a mad crowd gazing upon a joy that should have no earthly witness."

"My son — my son — is here. I must recover him — I must bring him back. Let me find him, and I promise to do as you please."

"Why is not Jerry with you, Just — Jerry and the other?"

"Obady came to tell Jerry that he saw his father at the other side of the barricade, and they are gone together to find him, and we are following."

"Then I go with you. Where is the barricade?"

“At the entry of the Faubourg; — this way.”

They hurried forward without interruption, for the eyes of the insurgents were all turned in one direction. Their attention was fixed upon the Archbishop, then standing on the barricade, and in the act of cautiously descending, for the large paving stones of which it was chiefly formed were slipping from under his feet. The only thing heard in the deep hushed silence of the moment was the grating or the rumbling of the stones displaced by that plain, simple-looking Archbishop, unaffectedly bent upon his mission of mercy. At the same moment a young man is seen standing upon the barricade, stretching out his arms to somebody whom he has recognised amongst the soldiery. It is Jerry! He sees his father; his father sees him; his mother sees him too. Oh! cursed hand which slew the Archbishop — shot him basely as he alighted on solid ground, under the shadow of the olive branch which the other brave priest held over his head — murdered him impiously as he held up

the cross, thinking not that it was the model of his own martyrdom, but the melting example of a suffering Saviour which he exhibited to the stray sheep. And the good shepherd lays down his life for the flock, and he prays that his may be the last blood spilt, and his prayer is heard with a saving exception ; for although all arms are paralysed by the unspeakable treachery, and the courage of the insurgent is shamed to death by the sublime self-devotion of the murdered martyr, yet ere the clear-headed commander had time to forbid the certain victory to be tarnished by useless blood, of which there had already been too much, angry shots leaped out to avenge him who wanted no vengeance, and the son, stretching out his arms to his father, fell mortally wounded in sight of the father at one side, in sight of the mother at the other.

Clasps of iron cannot hold a father at such a moment. In a second the head of Jerry is resting upon his father's lap. What does she do — she who came to snatch away a son, seen for the first time in the bloom of

ripe youth turning into rich manhood — she upon whose sight her long-lost husband rises like an apparition?—Shock—shock—shock. Is not one sufficient when it is stupendous enough to shatter the mortal framework in which reason is caged while learning fitness for the great flight; but shock after shock, each of rare terror? Why, she is turned to stone—a statue motionless — from which gaze on vacancy, or upon opening heaven, two magnificently meaningless eyes. The world may crash about her ears, and she will not hear it. She is not left alone. A woman of her own sweet kind encircles her tenderly, fearing lest she should fall, and speaks to her words of comfort, but they fall as dew upon the gravestone; still they must not surely stop there — take them from that desecrated spot. It is well that there are two friends present, although they too be bewildered with grief, astonishment, and despair; yet to poor Just and to poor Obady some sense and some reason are left. The sense and the reason that survive when there is need for, and the means of giving,

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help to those who are dear and who want it badly. The two poor fellows could hardly bear to look each the other in the face, and they held down their heads upon their bursting breasts as they collected a few friendly hands to help to bear the dying one to the holy asylum in the Rue de Reuilly.

With instinctive rectitude, Lady Softworth had Kate, whom we shall no more call Thérèse, conveyed away from the presence of Edward. It was wise, for Kate was unconscious ; and if reason was ever to be brought back it should be gently, not aroused by another shock to supreme pain, to go out in utter darkness for ever. Jerry's death was happy ; and to his father there was measureless consolation in this, that his son went out of the world loving him, and with an amen to his prayer. Why he himself did not give way, like Kate, is this, that his life had been one of suffering and of suspense without intermission. He was so brimful of pain that there was, as it were, no room for more. He had been brought to

that stage when endurance has become the law, and the burthen has grown to the back. With her, poor Kate! it was otherwise. She had fought, and, as she imagined, conquered; and the forced peace was burst afresh by a heartquake, and the battle was not to be fought over again.

When Lady Softworth led Edward to the bedside of Kate, and placed her hand in his, and bade him try to speak her name, she answered — good heavens! — she answered with a song — a beauteous, wild, rich melody, that to a stranger outside the door would have been a fascinating rapture, but, to those within, a marvellous pain to the one, but to the other, thorned round about as it was with poignant associations, the suffering of molten lead. What dream is it that cheers this dark night of madness? Kate has been brought back by Edward's voice to their young love days, when he was labouring under a mortal infirmity, which she used to soothe with her song, and carry off with her own winning ways. She is living that scene over again; she is singing to

him, laughing to him. What a shudder that rich gurgling laugh gives now! It is no merry brook in sunlight, but the sound from the deep abyss by which the precipice may be measured. She is laughing to him, talking to him; and what he never knew before, she runs away to cry in a corner because she cannot tell him how ill he looks; and she comes back again acting merriment, and sings anew; she is teaching him a lesson, and he is learning it by heart; teaching him to care for her now in her blank bereavement, as she cared for him when care was rescue unto life. Oh, could he rescue *her*! Lady Softworth tried the experiment of her voice: it acted too as a spell; it brought the barricade before her eyes, from which ascended two spirits into ineffable glory; the Archbishop and her son rose two angels before her eyes. This was well for once — it was not to be tried again. Véronique spoke, and then her hands mechanically worked at various things for the poor, and her face assumed a business-like earnestness which the blank intelligence rendered incon-

gruous, and therefore most unpleasant of all to witness. Edward resolved that he alone would talk with her. It was a trial, but it was a duty, and it was a consolation. Strange voices rendered her impatient and more confused. They did not awaken any association, and there was no other power but association left.

CHAPTER XII.

WHEN Jerry was laid in his young grave—poor Jerry!—and before the Mathewses returned to Versailles, having no more heart for Paris, and before other arrangements could be made, as required by circumstances, which we need not particularise in this place, it was very wisely suggested by Captain Cuffe to Henry Mathews that the sooner the two young gentlemen could be sent away, who were lately in company with those persons upon whom sentence of transportation had been pronounced, why, the better for them. The stern republican soldier who saved society, had inexorably decreed the removal of all who had been taken with arms in their hands. Neither the air of Algeria nor the intercourse to be there enjoyed, was likely to

serve the health and morals of these interesting youths. He thought, moreover, that Justin Forbes had shown himself to be of too impressible a nature for a diplomatic career, and that if Obady was to think at last of seriously embracing the medical profession, he had better lose no time. Although Uncle Henry felt it his bounden duty to be very wroth, and to look as terrible as his pleasant face would allow him, yet he felt in his heart that the original cause of all the misfortune that had happened was his own brother Elias; and Uncle Henry, who had no child, thought to himself how proud he would have been had one like Obady been his, and how he would have guided him aright. Madame Mathews would have retained her nephew, and hid him until the storm blew over, but prudent Captain Cuffe assured her it would be long before the atmosphere would be favourable for the tranquil studies of the Pays Latin. If Obady went, Just could not, and would not stay. Just felt conscience-stricken and ashamed, especially

as his kind patroness was now so prostrated that she had taken to her bed, and would for some time require tender and cautious treatment. Besides, Count D'Avray, notwithstanding his effort to be gracious, could not repress a certain sternness of eye, for the loyal sentiment of the sailor had been shocked. Still Obady and Just, before they were committed to the skilful guardianship of Captain Cuffe, received lavish tokens of kindness, and it was a great consolation to both that the bonds with those whom they best loved had not been rent asunder. When Cuffe saw them fairly out of danger, he cordially bade them good-bye, hoping that in better times he should have the pleasure of seeing them at his little shooting box in the country. Justin offered the five hundred franc note, that the Captain had so generously put into his hand the night of the supper, which the Captain, to make him comfortable, as he said, accepted; but with a mental proviso to enclose a twenty-pound Bank of England note instead to his address in London!

So Obady and Just are back once more amongst the weavers, and in the same scene amidst which this narrative opened. How changed is the place ! It is crowded, poor, and miserable. Before they had made up their minds as to the manner in which each should present himself at home, they roamed over the neighbourhood, and could see and feel that a blight had fallen upon the once bright, clear, industrious place. It was a summer evening, and everybody seemed out of doors, but how they could enjoy the impure air which almost sickened those who had only left Parisian Faubourgs, was only to be explained by escape from rooms in which there was air still worse. Obady expressed his opinion to Just that he had never witnessed finer materials for revolutionary purposes, and wondered why he should have gone abroad in search of an article which might have been had nearer home. Just reminded Obady that they had had enough experience of that kind to last them for life. It is not by stirring up the poor to rebellion, but by affecting the

hearts of the rich, added the sensible fellow, that the evils of poverty are to be corrected. As night fell, prodigious gas-lights flared up, and the gin-palace stood in a blaze, attracting the ragged and wretched to the swift delight of a momentary enjoyment, at the cost of more raggedness and more wretchedness. The greater the squalor, the more abundant was the gas. It was a galaxy of gin-palaces, whose lights played on the golden balls over the pawn-brokers' shop doors,—the fitting golden apples of such an Hesperides. Fiddles and flutes pierce the ribaldry of recklessness; and Obady drags Just into the penny theatre hard by. The audience is looking on with breathless attention, while a highwayman, in ranting exultation, promises to die game. The curtain falls, the tobacco-pipes are lighted, the ginger-beer is called, Obady's hat is beaten down over his eyes, so is Just's. They are hustled about, and their pockets are picked. The curtain rising for the refreshing relief of a comic song of the broadest character, after the

weight of the deep melodrama, saves our unusually respectable visitors from worse usage ; and they make their escape before the plot for taking their coats off their backs is matured. Obady attributed afterwards the cure of his desire to return to the stage to the degradation of the drama he had witnessed that night. He could never get over the association of that performance with the profession. Just, too, who had become a Solomon, asked him what would he think of such fellows for reformers, as assuredly they would press their services upon him, if he attempted regeneration, *vi et armis*. Obady turned the conversation by reflecting how well it was Cuffe had accepted the money, and how much better still their valuables were in their trunks at the railway office.

Mechanically they moved in the direction of Mr. Samson Shepherd's chapel. There was little light and only a few persons; and they were hardly noticed as they took their seats in a dark corner at the entrance. Their dear old friend looked care-

worn, but his eye possessed its usual bright strength; and it was to be gathered from his discourse that they who were present were only a portion of the congregation that remained to commune with him, as it were, over a heavy loss. Janet Bond had that morning fallen a victim to fever, caught in the discharge of her self-imposed duties. Her mother had died only seven days before. Obady and Just turned away. They wished they had never returned home. Well, they agreed at length to exhaust inquiry and be done with it; their minds reverted to a merry wedding morning, and they thought they would call upon John Bessonnet and learn all the news from him and his Marian. They were a prudent pair, and would not circulate the news of their return until allowed to do so. With some effort they succeeded in finding out Bessonnet's residence. It was in a small house up a court-way, the air thick and close; and his dwelling consisted of a single room in that small house.

The room was up one pair of stairs, on

the first floor. Obady and his friend thought the house, like all those in the neighbourhood when seen from the outside, so small and low, that really they fancied they could almost vault over it. Such a tiny house might have been placed like a bird's cage upon the top of their recent hotel in the Rue St. Denis, and an airing in that smokeless atmosphere would have done it good. If the whole house seemed small after Parisian hotels, what a close hall and tight set of stairs were not these in eyes accustomed to the ample *portecochère* ! The door lay open, for the sake of air, of which the supply was scant, not to speak more of the quality ; and yet there breathed out of Bessonnet's single room an unexpected and indeed inexplicable air of freshness.

As they ascended the staircase, their ears had caught a wheezy, tisicky sound, interrupted by a clap-clap, when it would recommence and stop, until the necessary arrangement for the renewal of the wheezy, tisicky operation had been completed : and

now it was explained ; there stood, or sat, or leaned their old acquaintance, John Bessonet, over his loom, for he appeared to be so doubled up that it was hard to define what his exact posture was. It was a stunted and unwholesome position.

“ You do not know who I am ? ” asked Obady.

“ You have the advantage of me,” answered the silk-weaver, looking at him with the same bright, intelligent eyes, out of a face which, ever thin and interestingly expressive, was now worn with want of every kind—of air, of exercise, of succulent nourishment, and of mental enjoyment.

“ Do you know *me* ? ” asked Just.

Marian Bessonet looked up from the shirt, over which she was passing a hot iron ; for there was a fire in that little room, upon that summer night. There had been one in it all day, for cooking and for washing purposes, and she said, “ I am sure you are Master Just ; only you are grown to be almost a young man.”

“ I am Justin Forbes. Will you not

welcome me home, me and my comrade, Obady Mathews? You won't believe that you are the first upon whom we called?"

"We have seen Mr. Samson Shepherd only; and not to talk to him, for he was in the pulpit."

"Oh, dear me!" exclaimed Marian, laying down her iron, and wiping her hands on her clean apron before she offered them to the old friends come back again.

"This is a very remarkable kindness!" cried Bessonnet, as he disengaged himself from one obstacle or another, and was able at length to come forward and shake hands — "a very remarkable kindness indeed. I am so taken by surprise," he continued; "stay, let me see; you were both little more than boys when I last beheld you, now three years ago, or getting on to four; and all that has happened since ——"

"Oh, yes!" interposed Marian, "we have gone through sore times and evil days."

"We will not talk of *ourselves*; tell us about *yourselves* — what became of you?"

“There was a sensation the day I went, was there not?”

“Yes, I recollect there was — people said — people didn’t know what to think ——”

“Never mind what people said, John, now that it’s all come right.”

“How do you contrive to live in this small room?”

“Beg your pardon, gentlemen, for not offering you chairs, but the truth is ——”

“You did not expect visitors at this hour,” said Just.

“And, Sir, we are obliged to use the stools with the bed, to prop it up for the children,” said Marian.

The children! and Just and Obady saw four fast asleep, two in one little narrow bed, and two in the broader one, with space left for the father and mother. How so much could have been packed, and in so orderly and unconfused a manner, into so small a space, was something admirable; and the sweetness too was explained by the cleanliness.

“Never mind seats!” cries Just, “we

came to see old friends, and not to criticise."

"Well," said Obady, "here is room enough on the corner of this fine big bed for me to sit, if you insist upon it."

"It is very good of you, Master Obady, to make yourself so agreeable; and if you, Master Just, will put up with this little stool ——"

"And what will you do, Mrs. Bessonet?"

"I will, if you will allow me, finish off my ironing. I can listen all the same."

"And you won't mind me if I again take my place at the loom — it is no interruption ——"

"Unto what hour do you work at night, John Bessonet?" asked Obady.

"Until eleven, and sometimes midnight."

"How tired you must be!" observed Just; "but you take a good sleep in the morning, do you not?"

"Until six o'clock."

"And you work from six o'clock in the morning until midnight?"

"Yes, sometimes."

“ Oh ! indeed almost always,” added the wife, with a deep sigh, “ but John is ever afraid of exaggerating, he is so scrupulous ; and he is right — no doubt he is.”

“ You must earn lots of money,” exclaimed Just, his simplicity breaking out whenever his astonishment was excited.

“ Well, from twelve to fourteen shillings per week.”

“ Say that again ?” exclaimed Just.

“ Well, about that,” repeated Bessonet, coolly.

“ What do you eat for dinner ?” blubbered out Just.

“ Bread—tea—sometimes an egg, or a herring ;—dripping too is cheaper than butter, and is a nearer approach to meat. The mistress manages at times a rasher of bacon.”

“ When the bread’s not got up. Oh ! it’s the bread makes the difference.”

“ That was before the repeal of the Corn Laws. Do pretty steady now ; but, bless you, before the Corn Laws were knocked on the head, the loaf getting up would

make a difference of as much as fifteen, ay, twenty per cent. upon our income."

"Tell it in money, John, for I never could make out your meaning that way. What I know is, that if six mouths are charged a penny a day more for bread, it makes a pretty hole in twelve shillings a week, that it does."

"Twenty per cent. I take it," persisted John. "How much would that be, gentlemen, looked at as an Income-tax?"

"Never mind, John, putting it that way, young heads are not used to such deep ways of thinking. If it were not that I must wash and dress the children, and mend their clothes, and market, and cook, and keep the place tidy, and do up the room, and make the beds, and make the children say their prayers, and other odds and ends besides, I might do a little in the way of earning to help poor John."

"You must do no such thing, Marian," replied John, kindly and firmly. "You know that, when you tried it, what you gained one way you lost the other. I leave

it to you gentlemen to decide — they paid her one penny a-piece for making slop shirts.”

Has Just got an electric shock — and why does Obady scowl?

“ Only one penny — and she finding thread?”

“ But it was only cotton-thread, which is not so dear, and more easily worked; and, besides, what making was there in them? only basted together you know.”

“ One penny, Obady!”

“ It is extortion — it is murder — it is assassination — it is abomination, Just.”

“ It is—it is—it is,” echoed Just: “ there is blood upon their hands who grind the faces of the poor.”

“ I suppose they can’t help it,” sighed Bessonnet.

“ If our little Marian was older, she indeed might be of use — there is our neighbour’s little girl earns as much as twopence a day turning a spinning wheel, she does indeed; and another penny when business is brisk, and she stays the extra hours,

from seven till ten, unless she must stay till eleven o'clock."

"They have taken her away, Marian, because the master wanted the extra hours in for the same money."

"Why do you stand it?" almost shouted Obady.

"Hush! you will waken up the baby, have a care."

"And the teeth are giving it trouble," added Marian, as she looked at the little sleeping infant, uttering a monotonous melody which composed it to profound oblivion, — in their case profound happiness.

"Why do you stand it?" whispered Obady.

"What would you have me do?" asked Bessonnet. "I have meditated upon these things, and see no help for it. We are the necessary victims to a change wrought by machinery. It is well that we are left something to glean, for as we are poor low-born creatures, sent into the world to earn our bread by the sweat of our face, we are not entitled to claim compensation, like

bishops and judges, and government men, when they can attend no longer to their duties, or when offices are done away with by improved machinery of another kind. You cannot pension all of us."

"They can give you a fair price for your work."

"So I said one day to the gentleman who writes on the subject for the *Cornucopian*. Well, let us reason this matter out, my friend, says he. Labour, you see, is an element which enters into your piece of silk, and like silk, the value rises and falls according to the quantity in the market — if there be too much, down you go; or you carry your labour to some place where it is craved and wanted; — so how could I answer that?"

"I answered him for you," said Marian, "but you would not back me up, John. I told him we were better nor bobbins and twist, for that bobbins and twist could not think and feel, and had no children to provide for, and were not responsible like us to God and man for our thoughts and actions."

“ And you know how he answered ;—did he not prove that you confounded two things together which had no necessary connection ? You are mixing up, said he, morals with machinery, and religion with the market, and conscience with calculation, whereas the whole subject resolves itself into simple supply and demand.”

“ Oh ! I know he used very fine language, and it vexed me to feel there was something wrong, and I could not find words to show it ; and it made me cry to see you give in so easily, John ; you who used to read books long ago — to be sure you have no time now for reading, and if you had, what would be the use of it for the likes of us — worth only twopence a day to begin with, to rise to a couple of shillings in our prime of life ; and when we grow old, Lord help us when we have no more labour to carry to market.”

“ Is it not the duty of children to support their parents ? and you are both so good, that I am sure yours will support you,” observed Just.

“Out of how much, Mr. Forbes? — and they would not be like their father and mother, brought up with knowledge of reading and writing, for there is no time now for school.”

“What did the gentleman say to that?” asked Obady.

“Well, I’m not sure that we went into the question.”

“Stay, now,” says Obady, “he said labour was ——”

“Twist and bobbins,” cried Marian.

“Very good — now let me go on. Twist and bobbins; but twist does not become twist of itself, and bobbins are made with hands and fashioned with skill — take twist first. You cultivate the mulberry-tree, and you watch over the young worms and feed them, or there never would be silk. Now why should there not be mulberry-trees for the little silk weavers as well as the worms?”

Marian laid down her iron, but could only catch a glimpse of meaning.

“I see what you are driving at, Mr.

Obady," cried John Bessonet; "that if labour is to be on a par with the things, without which they would be useless, why is it the labour animal should not be cultivated?"

"Does not the owner of a horse, and a bird, and a dog, try to develop all the qualities of his animals, and all the qualities of his plants? And the more these qualities are developed the more valuable they become. Then why should man be worse treated? Why should not all his qualities be developed — his mind, his soul, his heart?"

"Because," answered John, for the first time bitterly, and yet more sadly than bitterly, "his mind and soul are not wanted in the labour market, only his hands and feet, which machinery is beating out; and then what is to become of him?"

"Then he will have more time for the head and heart," concluded Just.

"Ah, if it would come to that!" sighed Bessonet.

"Just is right," said Obady; "it must come to that, or come to the ruin of the race."

“ In the mean time what are we to do? — we who won’t live to see what you say brought about?” asked Marian.

“ Is there no conscience amongst men?” indignantly asked Obady.

“ Well! that’s what I have asked until I am tired,” said John; “ but if I put the question to the master when he cuts me down, he asks in turn, what is he to do, seeing that his neighbour sells cheaper? And the shopkeeper will go to the merchant who charges less, and the public will go to the cheapest shops; and what’s to be done?”

“ Now,” said Just, “if I went to buy the shirt you saw for a penny, Mrs. Bessonnet, I would say to myself, ‘This shirt could not have been come by honestly, or it could not be sold for such a price. Either the shopkeeper sacrifices this article in order to lure me into the belief that everything he has to sell is on the same cheap scale ——’ ”

“ Which he sometimes does,” observed John, “ and which is a lie!”

“ No doubt it is.”

“ ‘ Or it has been taken from a thief who stole it ; or advantage has been taken of some starving fellow-creature, —— ’ ”

“ Which there has.”

“ And which is robbery. It is your labour or your life ; it is work for as much as keeps you barely living — a slow death ; it is choice of death — of slow, lingering torture, or death at once — it is crime in which too many participate, and which stains all society.”

Marian's eyes brightened. “ Oh ! I wish you had been here, Mr. Forbes, and Mr. Obady ; the day I wanted to find these words I couldn't.”

“ But he would have answered you, my dear, that it was no concern of the merchant, who was only to get what he wanted at the cheapest rate ; and no concern of the shop-keeper, who followed the same rule ; and no concern of yours and mine, who, wanting an article, buy it where we find it cheapest.”

“ In other words, we put conscience, which is the light of God within us, under

the shade of our avarice, and trample upon our fellow-creatures in the dark. Now, I hold," continued Obady, "that we should consult conscience in all our acts. Pardon me, for I happen to know what it is to suffer in that way." And his voice faltered.

"Why is the soldier's profession so much admired?" asked Just, his eye brightening with some thought which had flashed across his mind.

"Ah! because you young fellows," answered Bessonnet, "like the red coats and the bright swords, and the excitement, and never think of the miseries of war at all."

"Don't we, indeed? There I have you. It's because we do think of them, and because we face death for no other gain than honour, John Bessonnet. That's the reason the profession is exalted—*honour!* It is because honour is the life and soul of the soldier that he is a hero, and not a cut throat!"

"Well, I don't see the point," answered Bessonnet.

"But I do," said Marian. "It is because

trade is — is — Oh ! I know what you mean ; if I could I'd get it out."

"It is because selfishness never will be respected or loved, and because it is not a true law ; for there can be no such thing as exclusive calculation, because ——"

"All is woven together," interposed Bessonnet.

"Just so ; like the mulberry-tree and the silk."

"I see the point now," said Bessonnet. "If it were not for the mulberry-tree, which feeds the worms, there would be no silk. Well, let us dwell on the mulberry-tree. It is pleasant for us to think of a tree of any kind, we who rarely see a shrub or smell a flower. That mulberry-tree does not grow of itself ; it takes all the powers of earth and heaven — the sun, the clouds, the soil, the course of the planets, the change of the seasons—to provide the poor little silkworm with food. Ah ! little, as you say, think those who are saying to themselves, 'It's no affair of mine what he takes for his work, or his child's either,' that the silk in his hand is

the result of all the powers of nature in connection with human skill, and that it is the affair of no one circumstance, but of all. True, true, we are all woven together; and there can be a flaw nowhere without injuring the whole."

"John, your talk reminds me of old times, when you used to write poetry," said Marian.

"Why don't you speak that way to the masters?" demanded Just.

"Speak to the masters as equals, do you mean?"

"Of course," cried Obady; "are not all equal?"

"Look ye, Sir, how it is. When we meet, master and workman, there stands what I may call controversy between us. One wants to give as little, and the other to obtain as much as he can get. So you may perceive there is no brotherly love between us until the bargain is over."

"He does not ask how you contrive to live?"

"That is no concern of his."

“ Or whether your children go to school. To whom — to what law — to what tribunal can you appeal ?”

“ That’s it. I have sometimes thought that if there was a court of justice, one half masters and one half men, where we might discuss matters amicably, perhaps all would go on better, like. But, bless me, you ought to be seeing your people, and here am I keeping you from them !”

“ Yet I must ask you one question more. Do you not see Mr. Samson Shepherd occasionally ?”

At the name of Samson Shepherd both faces brightened up.

“ It is he keeps me up,” said John.

“ I do not know what the poor broken-down people of this ruined place would do if it were not for him.”

“ He is not rich,” observed Just.

“ Not in the goods of this world,” answered Marian, gliding into her quaint old methodistical way ; “ but he is rich in grace, and abounds in spirit — a power seems to go out of him, and he leaves us stronger than we were.”

“He is not like those others,” resumed John, speaking with more precision, “who come here to put us in a book. He does not ask where we go on Sunday, or why we don’t go, or come boring into our poor bothered brains with points of doctrine, and quote down texts, and give us tracts and the like, and hold out temptations of the good things that may come of our being seen sitting under the ministry of Doctor Doom. That’s not his way.”

“He has better ways than that,” added Marian. “His ways remind me of the sweet words—‘Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.’”

“The text refers to religion, Mrs. Besonet,” observed Obady, who had not forgotten his Sunday-school teaching.

“And are not misapplied by Marian, for Mr. Shepherd has made the Divine Teacher his model, following Him as well as mortal can. What he does—well, what he does—that is, when he comes into a poor body’s place, is to do nothing at all, but sit down like any good neighbour and ask how

we are, and about the children, and to draw us out by genuine sympathy, that shines out of itself. If we ask him to read he reads, or to pray he prays, or to give advice he gives it; and he notices nothing."

"Doesn't he, John? I'd like to hear one of the children cough and Mr. Shepherd not notice it! and wouldn't I take a broken shoe out of his way unless I wanted to put my hand in his pocket!"

"The little books he carries in his pocket do good to young minds — books of travels, and pleasant stories that excite curiosity; none of that cursed gloomy stuff!"

"John, John!"

"He gives lectures, so he does, not sermons."

"But they are as good."

"That's what I say; lectures on poets and great men; great warriors, too, for he loves manliness, and there's no humbug about him! But isn't he a warrior himself? How he does come down on the gin-palace, against which he sets up his savings-bank — ay, and keeps all our accounts himself!"

"You have money in the bank?" asked Just in surprise.

"Well, it's only as much as twopence a week comes to; but they allow whopping interest!"

"You don't draw heavy cheques, I suppose?" asked Obady, his old humour breaking out.

"Except for the concerts, they are worth a penny entrance, to be sure. Handel, Haydn, Beethoven, Mozart—all for a penny, is pretty cheap as times go, Mr. Obady."

"I wouldn't charge anything, I think," reflected Just.

"You must, Sir, charge the people something for entertainments of the sort, to make them feel an interest in the undertaking, as if it was their own. Oh! he is a bit of a politician in his way, is Mr. Samson Shepherd."

"Yes; he sometimes reads the news for John out of the paper."

"Why," said Obady, "he is, according to your account, besides being a preacher,

a schoolmaster, a financier, a musician, a politician, a social reformer, and——”

“And everything, Sir, that is wanted. He has a house in the country too.”

“A house in the country!”

“That is, he has a house in a beautiful airy situation, of which he lends rooms to those as are only dying for a draught of air.”

“Would it be too late, Obady, to go and see him?”

“You forget, gentlemen, he is in trouble on account of the loss of that good woman who used to take part in his labours. She has her reward.”

Obady and Just whispered.

“Will you allow us to make a present to the children? Do you know that we are mortal rich? Upon my honour, we are. Will tell you all about it another time.”

“We get ten pounds for an article!”

“Hush, Just.”

Obady squeezed up the money in a paper; and he and Just were out of the house, and out of the little close court, before Bessonnet

and his wife had recovered from their surprise.

“How do you feel, Just?” asked Obady.

“Wonderfully light-hearted, as if I was relieved of a load.”

“I am thinking that visiting the poor and afflicted, and helping and soothing them, is the right way after all. Mr. Samson Shepherd is worth a provisional government and an army of insurgents.”

“Their condition would not be tolerable, if it were not for such as he.”

“They are the salt of the earth. Lord, how much could be done by rich people, if one poor man, with a will, can remove such mountains! However, never mind moralising. It is time to go home; and we can face our families with more courage. I’ll see you to your door, Just. Nay, I will, so come along.”

Note.—There is nothing exaggerated in the representation here made of the condition of the silk-weavers in the north of London. The facts are all to be found in the printed reports of the London Domestic Mission Society.

CHAPTER XIII.

“REMOVING to the West End!” Such were the words which, in large capitals upon Mr. Maltheson’s shop door, met the eyes of Just and of Obady; and after what they had seen and heard of the neighbourhood, told plainly that literature was deserting the place, and going to take up its abode in rich and fashionable quarters. There were signs of busy preparations for removal; and as the door was open, Obady could see with what surprise Mrs. Maltheson gazed for a second at her son, and then hugged him in her arms. The sight did himself good. He quickened his steps homeward, where he had no doubt that an affectionate reception awaited him; for he was aware of his uncle Henry having written a long letter to his father, which

would save himself the trouble of particular explanations.

When he reached the outer garden-gate in front of the house, and was going to pull the bell, he perceived that the hall door was open, and that his father, with a candle in one hand and a large key in the other, was ushering a lady out of doors, of whom it was evident that he was trying to be civilly rid. She was an elderly lady, in the dress of a widow ; but as his eyes fixed themselves upon his father's face, he did not recognise her. He could see that his father was shaking his head negatively at some request ; and there was the same hard blandness about his mouth, only more settled there than ever, from the acquired habit of refusing inexorably, with the gentlest of accompanying smiles. His father seemed thinner and stooped more, but not so much from impaired health as from grovelling pursuits, to which some way or another the outer man will accommodate its appearance, whether the inner man may like it or not. Obady felt no

elation at the sight of his father, whom, after his adventurous years, he finds on his return showing a poor widow out of doors, while he, with cold civility, rejects her importunities.

As she descended the steps, he following to lock the outer garden door, Obady drew back, and now he saw that the widow lady was not alone. There was a young girl with her, who had been standing within the garden waiting ; and as the key turned, the elder lady, addressing Mr. Elias once more through the iron grating, said to him—

“Then, Sir, I suppose I must make up my mind to have a prison door like this shut upon me?”

“Oh ! do, Mr. Mathews,” cried a broken young voice, the tones of which went to Obady’s heart—“pray do grant my poor dear mother’s request ! We will pay the bill next time.”

“I assure you, Miss Masterman, I have not the money. Your mother’s acceptance is not in my own hands. I was obliged, on account of my own necessities, to pay it away.”

"It is very hard, for I am certain the bill has been already paid in interest and commission for renewal," observed Mrs. Masterman.

"Oh! Madam, if you insinuate that there has been usury in the case, I must wish you a good night."

"I am sure my mother did not mean to hurt your feelings, Mr. Mathews."

"I am used to ingratitude, Miss Masterman; yet I did not expect that after so many disinterested efforts on my part to induce the holder of this bill to renew it, over and over again, and entreating him to accept remuneration for his trouble, your mother would say what she has said."

"Mr. Mathews, the original sum was only twenty pounds."

"Renewed six times."

"And each time I paid three pounds over the interest—and here are three more."

"But he won't take less than five; and, unless I pay two pounds out of my pocket, what am I to do?"

"Pay it!" muttered a deep hoarse voice,

upon which the light fell out of the hands of Mr. Elias, and the ladies went away precipitately.

“Mrs. Masterman, do you not know me?” asked Obady, as soon as she and her daughter were far enough beyond the house not to be overheard, taking off his hat and standing under a gas-lamp.

“I do not recognise you, Sir; yet you have the air of a gentleman.”

“It is young Mr. Mathews, Mamma. Do you not recollect how well he recited one evening in our house, in St. James’s Square?”

“How kind of you, Miss Masterman, not to forget me!”

“You have been from home some time, I think?” observed Mrs. Masterman.

“A long time, Madam, and have witnessed some evil fortune.”

The widow sighed.

“My father has not yet seen me; although I have seen him.”

“Was it you who frightened us?” asked Julia, unable to restrain a laugh.

“How can you laugh, Julia, in our position?”

“I could not help it,” answered Julia, simply.

Oh! glorious elasticity of youth!

“Laugh with a light heart, Miss Masterman, for I have heard the whole conversation; and I’ll pay the bill.”

Mrs. Masterman grasped his two hands.

“How can I permit such a thing!—it is not possible.”

“But it is possible, Madam—I assure you it is! My uncle Henry is so good. If you knew uncle, you would think better of the name of Mathews—he is so good. He gave me such a lot of money when I was leaving him and aunt, in Paris!”

“You have been in Paris!” exclaimed Julia. “Did you witness any of the fighting?”

“I lost my best friend behind the barricade,” answered Obady, bursting into tears.

“I am so sorry to have said what I did—oh, foolish tongue!”

“Yes; you knew poor Jerry, Mrs. Masterman?”

“I cannot say I did.”

“Oh! yes, Mamma. He was Belvidera—and is the dear little fellow?”——

“Dead!—yes, dead—killed!”

“What, he who turned out to be the rich gentleman’s son?”

“Yes, Jerry Lush. All my fault—all my fault!”

“How strange, Julia, that I should have never thought of applying to Mr. Lush in our difficulties, instead of submitting to all this usury; and he so benevolent a man!” Mrs. Masterman was, in fact, quite pre-occupied with her own distress and danger. Julia, not understanding this, felt annoyed at her mother’s forgetfulness of proper pride, and so to prevent continuation of the same kind of observation, she said, “Oh! yes; I know a great deal of the story—your sister Cicely told me about it.”

“You are intimate with Cicely?”

“Well, when mamma and I have called from time to time upon your father about

business, Cicely would try to take me aside to talk of old times—she is such a dear girl! I feel I could love your sister Cicely.”

“It is getting late, Julia; and we standing here all this time.”

“Will you allow me the honour of accompanying you home?”

“You have not yet met your father.”

“I shall see him time enough,” answered Obady, sadly.

“You have not yet seen your dear, amiable mother, and sister Cicely.”

“If it were not to see them, I do not think I should have courage to go home to-night.”

It was too late for Obady to accept the invitation that was offered by Mrs. Masterman to walk in and sit down, and bidding the ladies good night at the door, he added a word in parting, desiring the widow not to trouble herself any more about the note of hand.

Obady, once more alone, felt his head surcharged with thoughts. There was a sense of overwhelming weight upon his breast, for

which it was necessary he should find relief before he could venture to return home and face a new storm of sensations. He walked on, hardly knowing whither, taking instinctively the direction to Hampstead Heath, hoping to ruminate at ease amongst the golden gorse upon the lofty hill. It was July, and there was already a faint greyish light in the east; for at that season of the year night, in the language of the poet, seems to draw only a "thin veil o'er the day." To sleep was out of the question, and he had tarried so long that, even if disposed to ring the house bell, he would have felt unwilling to disturb the family at that late hour. He found that the brisk walking relieved him, and not only relieved, but elevated and harmonised his feelings and ideas. There is a freshness in the morning air, and a sweetness and a silence peculiarly calming and invigorating. We opine, too, that the person who finds himself alone, looking at the rising sun, enjoys a moral consciousness of advantage over the sluggards who, if touched, would reply with the old stave,

“ You awake me too soon ; let me slumber again.” He has all nature to himself when her aspect is symbolical of hope, and permeated with vigour, and glittering with bird-notes. Through what a world of sensation had not Obady gone within the few previous hours ! Brought back to the place of his boyhood, it seemed as if he had only quitted it the other day ; and yet, when his memory ran over the intervening history, it seemed as if he had lived an age. How vividly his adventures in company with poor Jerry, whom he tenderly thought of, rose before his eyes. He would be startled by his own unconscious laugh at some revived sally of the dear comrade, and then reproach himself as if he had committed a crime ; and then he thought of the revolution which they had witnessed, and in which they had been actors, its baffled hopes, its fearful excitement, its disappointment, and its ruins. Yet all this varied experience seemed to merge into the last few hours. The visit to John Bessonnet, the sight of Mr. Samson Shepherd, the low vice of the penny gaff, the witnessing of Just’s welcome,

the startling repulsion that encountered himself at his own father's door, that unchanged grasping father, who, in his own narrow, tenacious way, seemed to lay hold of both worlds at once—the present and the world to come, unable to sacrifice one for the other, unable to make any sacrifice, the incarnate selfishness that he was; yet, had he not reason to rejoice? If injustice, cruelty, and many bitter associations stood revived within that garden gate, of which the key had been turned upon the fallen lady—upon her whom he had known in opulence and luxury, and whom he met an almost supplicating mendicant, repelled by the same father from whom he had fled, leading an innocent companion, from joys that came too slow to overtake him on his way to untimely death; yet at the door itself had not charity entered his heart? Surely some saving spirit had accompanied him step by step. Had he ever so sympathised with poverty and misery before? Had his holy reverence ever been so raised as during the few minutes he sat gazing upon Mr. Sam-

son Shepherd, so nobly touching in his sorrow? How strange that his old child feelings should come up like green grass in the spring, penetrating with its delicate blade the accumulated scepticism and dreary rubbish of doctrines in which the soul could find no comfort. How subtle is the vital principle in all sound seed. Then in what sudden and unexpected ways, and out of what accidental circumstances, do not revelations come upon us. We look half our lives straight, as we think, at no very abstruse things, without perceiving their relations and their meanings, and all at once we find that we only understand for the first time how much light has been lying in a simple axiom or plain fact. The present he had made John Bessonnet brought out a vast deal of teaching to himself. The good he had resolved to accomplish for the widow lady and her daughter completed the instruction — shall we not say perfected his education — by unlocking many mysteries. He felt that if he could not regenerate the world, and change the whole basis and structure of

society, yet that there lay ample means of doing good within his reach. Out of his reflections there sprang a resolution such as the day before would have sounded strange and impossible, and yet now wore the unexciting air of a natural result. He would help Mr. Samson Shepherd! Yes, he would offer himself to be his coadjutor; he would say to him, "Let me take the place of Janet Bond, your spiritual help-meet. To equal her devotedness and purity I cannot hope, nor can I replace the void which her loss must make in your affections, but I will do my best."

His uncle Henry would be again disappointed, for he would have to renounce the profession for which he had promised to study and make himself fit; and there would lie before him a life of comparative poverty and of little honour, save in the eyes of a few; for Obady was not ignorant of the fact that the society of home missionaries is little courted, and he was ambitious, loved applause, and was fond of society. But he owed a great debt of retribution.

He had committed a crime, he had been the means of marring a friend's rights to restored parents and fortune, and it was awful to think of the disasters chargeable to his account. With this clearing away of perplexities there mingled a vague presentiment of loving companionship. It was very vague, but exquisitely delicious. More than once the image of Julia Masterman flashed across his thoughts. Perhaps, although he was not aware of it, she may have been blended with them all. The promise of beauty held out by her childhood was not belied. There was the high colour and animal spirits inherited from her father, but toned down and refined by the features of the mother, although the mother's countenance was not what it used to be in days of prosperous ease. Sharp gnawing cares and humiliation had, as it were, vulgarised a face that had once been called aristocratic. Julia's good looks had not suffered in the same way, for Julia, to keep up her poor mother's spirits, would not let her own go down. Obady had been struck with the in-

tense sensibility expressed at his father's gate, and no less expressed in a laugh which betrayed susceptibility to all sorts of impressions, gay as well as grave. He secretly felt, although he tried to keep away the recurring suggestion, that he must have appeared to very great advantage. Was he not the *deus ex machina* who had carried off the twenty-pound bill, had snatched the mother from prison and restored her to her daughter's arms; and then the emotions to which he had given way when Jerry was asked for—and emotions are communicable, and awaken others, awaken, in fact, the whole half-laughing, half-crying, gusty, sunshiny, showery, April family with their arms full of dripping flowers. Indeed he could have told, had he chose, that Julia was no more asleep than he was, although she probably had not walked some miles by day-break to assure herself of the fact. The perspective, however captivating, was very long, for they were both very young, and the cottage, with which both would no doubt have been at the moment contented, was a great way off; so

far that it could hardly be distinguished, and Obady was sure that he was not even looking in that cottage direction. He was not analysing his feelings; he was enjoying them. He was not their master; it was he who was their instrument, upon which they "discoursed most eloquent music." And now he thought he would turn homeward. Cicely used to be, dear little family slave, the first to stir, and he would watch for her, he would see if she recognised him, and he would make signs to her to come alone, that he might embrace his beloved sister all alone, and have a talk with her without restraint, for to her he could open his whole heart, and she would recount, in her artless manner, what he wanted to know; and before he left the hill he threw one glance at the far-down dome of St. Paul's, the supreme ornament and crowning grace of the mighty city, which seemed to blend a floating majesty with the gray vapour out of which glittered a myriad of intense silver lights as the rays of the risen sun touched vane, steeple, or windows, and with the naïveté of

candid youth he moralised thereupon, saying to himself, "Is not this the way that the mist, hanging over the household of man, will be pierced with bright heavenly spears reflected from the choice spirits that recognise the rise of righteousness, until the whole heavy veil shall be lifted off, and heaven reign above our heads in unobscured purity!" Such would have been his valedictory apostrophe to the city and the sun upon Hampstead Heath had his steps not been arrested by the sight of a person approaching, with hat in hand, to allow the morning breeze to bathe the temples of another who had not slept that night either, for one whose sleep was never more to be broken by other sounds than those of liquid harps, lay under his roof. It was Mr. Samson Shepherd.

"Do you not know me, Mr. Shepherd?—do you not know Obady Mathews?"

"How do I come to meet you here?—this is really a surprise, and a great satisfaction. Tell me all about yourself—where have you been? what have you been doing? and what do you propose to do now?"

We need not repeat all that Obady told the benevolent pastor, for it would be to go over a history with which the reader is presumed to be already acquainted. Would, however, that we could suppose the reader to have followed the narrative with the deep interest vouchsafed by the listener upon this occasion! Mr. Shepherd was by his vocation accustomed to hear confessions and complaints, which sometimes taxed even his well disciplined patience, and to hear accounts which laid hearts bare, and he, like a true physician, would not allow his mind to wander beyond the reach of remedy, for healing and for consolation. When Obady told him of the conclusion to which he had arrived, or rather to which events had, by a sort of necessary sequence, led him, he was pleased to find that his friend accompanied him with ease to the end, as if persuaded that such a conclusion was natural and right.

“Do you accept me as a disciple, a pupil, an assistant; might I presume to add, a companion and a friend?”

“ Yes, willingly, thankfully ! Is not this meeting providential, Obady ? You say you were thinking of me ; and I, for my part, was hardly conscious of the direction in which I was wandering ; yet it has so frequently occurred in my experience to arrive at the critical moment to effect an important service to a fellow-creature, that I have at last come to regard all our movements as under the great guidance to which we submit ourselves—when we do submit ourselves.”

“ Now think, Mr. Shepherd, before you accept me as one trustworthy for so great a mission—think what I have done. I committed a crime—a mean, shabby crime—which I am even now weak enough not to have the courage to name.”

“ You extinguish it, my dear friend, in penitence.”

“ That is your feeling, Mr. Shepherd ; but not the feeling of society, which never receives back the criminal, do what he will to prove the sincerity of his regret.”

“ It is, indeed, a hard question—what is

to be done with the offender after the punishment has been endured."

"They are Draconian laws, those of society, Mr. Shepherd; for they attach death—slow eventual death, if you will, but still death to every convicted offence."

"I perceive, Obady, that you still maintain the same sentiments regarding society which led you into those sad scenes you have just described to me with such painful truth."

"I will be guided by you, Sir," answered Obady, humbly.

"When you shall have had more experience, my friend, you will learn how difficult it is to deal with settled habits. So far from people being ready to respond to the efforts of those who try to raise them out of positions, so miserable that to you they would appear revolting, they seem to hug their filth and wretchedness, and, like swine, wallow in the mire. You have yet to learn how invincible is the force of habit; how a person accommodates himself to surrounding circumstances, and grows

into them, and clings to them with an unconquerable tenacity."

"Then, Mr. Shepherd, there is not even the reward of success for efforts that must, by their very nature, be irksome."

"There is warning example which trebles our zeal to rescue the young from evil habits, while there is yet time, and to implant others. Amongst the young there is a richly rewarding harvest."

"True, true; I know that to be a truth, from my own experience. Again I ask, can you confide in me? We shall suppose the crime absolved. Yet again; I have been a rebel—an insurgent; have borne arms against society, which I would have overturned in bitterness and hatred. I have caused the death of a friend, and spread grief and misery amongst his relatives and survivors. Oh! wretch that I am!"

"Be comforted, Obady. You are young, and there is a great field before you."

"Which I am not worthy to enter upon."

"Nor am I, or any of us."

"Oh! Mr. Shepherd."

“Say nothing in the way of flattery. Every man who is honest enough to examine himself, must shrink from approbation as a reproach.”

“If you think so of yourself, what must you not think of me?”

“I think well of you, because your errors prove force of character, equal to the accomplishment of a great resolution. Now you will be surprised when I tell you that I would not place the same reliance upon your friend, Justin Forbes.”

“You startle me! for I am sure that when he is told by me what I mean to do, he will propose to join me.”

“I am quite sure that he will; and I advise you to recommend him rather to adhere to those literary pursuits for which he has evidently taste and inclination. He is one of those easily-excited, emotional beings, capable of saying and of doing beautiful things while the fever lasts; and as editor of the periodical, which will of course become his property, may do a vast deal of good in another way.”

“Ay, he will exhibit the picturesque side of things.”

“Pardon me—if he only did that, he would merely draw picturesque and profitless tears—the passing tribute paid to art.”

Obady felt what Mr. Shepherd seemed to imply—that Justin Forbes, supported and guided by the strongly-established influence of a deeper and more serious character, could be made to render effectual service.

“I should be sorry,” resumed Mr. Shepherd, “to enlist in this service one so good as he is; for should he faint or grow weary, and, as sometimes happens, violently separate himself from a course to which he felt his nature unequal, there might be raised a cry of hypocrisy, such as is generally levelled against some who prove too weak to achieve their ideal, or who are simply moved by excitement, which, not being lasting, cannot bear them up for ever.”

“Ah! Mr. Shepherd, I have learned that hypocrisy is not confined to professors of religion. The greatest hypocrites are amongst

those who have none at all—professors of humanity and the like.”

“We seem to be not far from your father’s house, Obady, and now I will leave you,” said the good man, with a sigh which Obady understood.

“You will allow me to reside along with you, will you not?”

Mr. Shepherd’s eyes brightened. “We will think of it, Obady,” was all he replied, and shaking him cordially by the hand, departed.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE knowledge of Cicely's habit of early rising was not confined to her brother. There was a young gentleman who, although no member of the family, had contrived to make himself acquainted with the fact; and although not yet seven o'clock, Obady found he was still too late to save that dear little sister from the state of alarm she had been thrown into by Just's expression of astonishment at his friend's absence, of whom he expected to hear that he was in bed fast asleep.

Cicely could hardly credit her eyes when, opening the shutters of her little bedroom-window, she saw Just peering in through the garden gate in front of the house. How happily it proved that the key had, as usual, been intrusted to her for keeping,

and that the servant could not let in the milkmaid until Miss Cicely was risen. Just, looking up, saw the shutters open in part, which had a moment before been entirely closed, and his heart beat like the throat of a lark, as if he expected to behold Aurora herself about to appear. There being no coquetry in honest Cicely, she lost as little time as possible in presenting her open, smiling face at the window, and he kissed both hands together, as if he was—what shall we say?—if not allowed to borrow an expression of Owen M'Crone, applied to a similar circumstance, and declare in the figurative language of that original person, “that he was throwing up his soul in handfuls.” Down she slid noiselessly as a blessing, and even the hall-door chain descended without a sound, the lock of the garden gate forgot its sharp click, and they both shook hands with a sincerity of joy that would have converted a misanthropist, had he had the good fortune to be present. A growing girl can make a vast deal out of from three to four years, turn-

ing her spring time to the utmost possible advantage. Time is very tender and benevolent to the *teens*, allowing them to do as they like with his scythe, while, with both his old hands, he clasps his hour-glass, determined they shall not run away with that. Pretty lively *teens* take the scythe, however, and mow down blooms and blossoms, with which they cover themselves all over, and those who wish to share in the treasure had better not dally too long. Just, too, was a good-looking fellow; and we must not cry out against Cicely as being wanting in sentiment if, after the greeting, which was long and cordial, she laughed out — she could not help it — at seeing that he had mustachios. Perhaps she laughed because she was trying not to cry. He blushed, and looked all the handsomer, and, partly to relieve his embarrassment, asked if she had not been very glad to see Obady. Here was a smiting of conscience; she had not asked about her brother, who, she was aware from her uncle's letters, had been found, and was about to return home

along with Just. She did not blush, but became paler than usual, and trembled all over.

“Obady!” she had not seen him. “Ah! come now, Justin Forbes, Obady is hiding somewhere close by, intending to startle me, which is no fair thing to do, after so long a separation. Where is he? Obady, Obady, where are you?”

But there was no smile lurking under Just’s downy mustachio, and his eye betrayed anxiety he would fain conceal.

“Obady not home! Why, they had arrived together. But no doubt he had gone to an hotel for the night, rather than disturb his family at an unseasonable hour.”

As it required some effort of calculation to bring up Obady to the hotel-going time of life, and as Cicely was rather bewildered, it was not to be wondered at that the explanation did not do much to relieve apprehension. She was not doomed, however, to a long continuance of that sickening state, suspense; for another young gentleman, with another pair of mustachios and promise of a beard, was seen to stand for a

second, and then dart forward and clasp his sister in his arms.

When the first gush of emotion had subsided, Obady confessed that he had walked about all night; and when his sister looked reproachfully, assured her that he calculated upon seeing her the first in the morning, and upon having a long, quiet conversation all alone, about herself and mother. And how was mother? And mother was well now, and would be so happy. What a shame and a pity not to call her! and she ran off to waken up mother. Obady thought it so kind of Just to leave his bed so early to come to see him and his family; and Just blushed again, but not quite so high as before; for his conscience told him that he was allowing Obady to appropriate to himself a larger share of compliment than he was properly entitled to.

Any one who had seen the Mathews' family upon the morning of Obady's return would have pronounced them to be the best family in the world. That touch

of nature which, as the great bard says, makes the whole world kin, had vindicated the great underlying humanity to which few are so willing to allow fair play, acting, indeed, as if the business of life was to beat and press it down, and stow it away, in order to make room for what we think our interests. When a sudden shock of sympathy, joyous or painful, brings it forth, how beautifully it stands in all the glory of a heavenly revelation for a time—only for a time. The splendid fit passes off, and we begin the work of beating down and storing away again harder than ever. Mr. Elias Mathews was paternal. Deborah sisterly. Mrs. Mathews, always motherly, was now the very genius of motherhood. She kept watch over her son—would not allow the pleasures of mastication to be interrupted by questions—thought he could never eat enough; and taking the command of the purse for that morning, early surprised the miserly head of the family with the extent of her edible contrivances; and when he had eaten enough and drunk enough, she

was the one to perceive the drowsiness that was stealing over him, and obliged him to go to bed, which she prepared with her own hands in a delicious fever of activity, and drew the curtains; and Obady slept with a profoundness which defied dreams.

When he awoke he had not the least notion what hour it was, but was aware that there was some one seated by his bedside. He barely ventured to raise the lids sufficiently to confirm his instinctive impression that it was his mother gazing upon him, in a quiet ecstasy of happiness, as if he were a first-born babe. The door opened noiselessly, admitting a moving shadow. Whose could it be but that of Cicely? They whispered together, and about whom, if not about the returned prodigal? The sensation of the home-bed would have been of itself a luxury, but coupled with it the sense of the mother's watchful presence, and the sister passing to and fro, both in whispering consultation about his needs and happiness, was altogether so exquisitely delicious that he continued to feign sleep,

in order to prolong the rare enjoyment. By little and little the whispering became more articulate, and he could gather, from broken sentences, that two ladies had been there inquiring for him, and had waited a long time, and would call again to-morrow; and papa had been so gracious to poor Mrs. Masterman when she told him the bill would be paid. But how pretty Julia looked, and how she would talk all the time of brother. What a good heart is hers! How it sympathised with their joys! She always liked Miss Masterman—now she felt she could love her.

“Ah! poor Mrs. Masterman,” whispered Mrs. Mathews. “What a pity, she who had seen better days, had ridden in her carriage, and lived in a fine house, to be obliged now to live by letting lodgings!”

“How kind of papa to lend her money so long; and how sorry papa is that he could not lend it any longer; for now that he is no more in the bank of Lush and Company, he has not money even for ordinary expenses, as he every day declares.”

The conversation did not prove to be quite so soothing as Obady expected, for it brought to mind his promise of the night before to Mrs. Masterman, and so he gave a turn in his bed, and the mother and sister crept over on tiptoe, and when they caught two open eyes, kissed him one after another, and both together, and told him, with a crow of triumph, that he had slept ten hours. It was seven o'clock, and there was a nice little dinner waiting for himself, and would he have it alone in his room? No; he would see his father instantly. Where was he? He and Deborah were together, settling accounts. How the word accounts jarred upon his ear! How it dispelled the dream of a better home than the one from which he had fled! How glad he felt that he had promised Mr. Shepherd to take up his abode with him. The mother observed the change, and wished she had said nothing of accounts, but had kept to the little dinner, and the proposal to have it brought up into his own room. And it would be cold before he and his father would be done

speaking, if they once got together, upon a history which was strewn with thorns, and had better be postponed. But Obady's old wilfulness came up, and he would see his father instantly; and was it not natural that he should like to have a word with his father? So she yielded unwillingly, and Obady went alone to his father's room, and his father put out his hand, and Deborah put out hers; and Obady said at once,

"Before you close your book, tell me how much is Mrs. Masterman's bill, as I mean to pay it?"

He repeated the words "to pay it" so emphatically that Mr. Elias Mathews started, and, looking at his son with a searching expression, asked,

"Can it be possible? Were you at the garden gate last night as I let out Mrs. Masterman? (Obady nodded assent.) You overheard what passed? (Another nod.) You cried out, 'Pay it?' (A third nod.) And you ran away?"

"No! I accompanied the ladies home—those ladies whom we knew when they were

in affluence, and who are now, I fear, in an altered position."

"Where did you pass the night, Sir?"

"Under the blessed canopy of heaven!"

"And you did not care to come and see your family?" asked Deborah.

"Pardon me, Deborah, it was to see my family I came, when my way was stopped by the widow and orphan at the door. It was inadvertently—let me more correctly say it was providentially—I overheard their story; and, as good uncle Henry bestowed upon me a considerable sum of money, for purposes now set aside by a change of resolution as to my future professional career, I cannot better employ this superfluous money than in relieving all parties."

"But," observed the sister, whose faculties had evidently matured with years, "if you give your own money to your father's debtor, how do you relieve him?"

"Not my debtor, Deborah,—not my debtor."

"You are responsible, father."

"Oh! yes; to be sure, responsible."

"Then, Father, I shall have the pleasure of relieving you from this painful responsibility, by paying the bill."

"Mind! if you part with your money, do not look to me—I am very poor."

"You have always been saving, Father."

"Upon your account and your sisters'; for you know how few are my wants and your mother's."

"You may not have ready money, Father."

"Not a shilling!"

"But you have property. You may have money invested in public securities."

"Who told you so?"

"It was that shameful Mrs. Masterman, of course!" observed Deborah.

"Would you have me sell out at a loss? Deborah can tell you that the Swallow-up line doesn't pay—not, not three per cent; and the Mississippi, Deborah?"

"Down again."

"And the Peruvians?"

"Not quoted."

“Ah ! Deborah, you were right when you said—‘Father, stick to Consols, if they don’t pay’—what was it you called it—whopping interest ?”

Obady burst out laughing.

“It is no laughing matter, I assure you, Sir.”

“I am laughing because I heard Bessonnet, the poor weaver, use the very word—whopping !”

“Bessonnet—you saw him ?”

“I did ; and his position made upon me an impression which, connected with what has passed between me and Mr. Samson Shepherd, will endure, I trust, to the end of my mortal career.”

“So you contrived to visit the whole neighbourhood before you came to your father’s house ?”

“I went to Mr. Shepherd’s chapel, and I mean to make his way of life my own.”

The eyes of Mr. Elias Mathews brightened, and he and Deborah exchanged looks of strange joy and wonder, followed by turning up their eyes.

“Father and Sister,” solemnly observed Obady, “you are mistaken—mine is no case for the *Methodist Magazine*. It is simply this: my acts have hitherto been bad, and I hope to be able to set good against them in the great account—so let me begin with this poor widow’s bill.”

“Be not hasty, my boy.”

“She apprehends arrest.”

“No, no; the bill is in the hands of a merciful Christian—of one with whom you will soon be connected.”

Deborah did blush.

“Yes, an excellent young man—one of those who may be called by the honourable title of architects of their own fortune.”

“Do I know him?”

“Yes; you may recollect the young man whom, on account of his excellent qualities, his prudence, his vigilance, his saving habits, his severity, his honesty, Mr. Masterman appointed overseer. Poor Bessonnet expected the place.”

“You do not mean that snivelling spy, Soapey?”

“Obady, you will please to respect your sister’s feelings, if not your father’s.”

“It’s not a true case of conversion after all, Papa. Obady is still in darkness, and the money for Mrs. Masterman is thrown away, so it is.”

“Your dinner will be cold, Obady,” gently whispered the mother, opening the door.

“I go with you, but I have no appetite,” and Obady allowed his mother to conduct him to the unwelcome dinner.

CONCLUDING CHAPTER.

FROM the time when Lady Softworth left England for France to the latest period of this narrative, she never ceased her correspondence with her dear old Scotch guardian, Mr. Jamie Douglas. It would not have been possible for her, even if so inclined, to deprive him for any considerable time of the repast which her letters afforded his fine mind and feeling heart. But, in truth, his letters had become to herself an habitual enjoyment, while no circumstance of any interest could happen without her noting it down for the good old gentleman's satisfaction. Whether in joy or sorrow, it was a relief which she mechanically, from custom, and, as it were, instinctively sought, that of writing to him who watched over her with such touching affection. Mr.

Douglas had accordingly been kept well informed of everything that had come within the reach of Lady Softworth's observation. He had felt the shock of Count D'Avray's misfortune, had participated in the ardent feelings which led the devoted woman to the bedside of the sufferer, and accompanied both through the tardy recovery. He had made the acquaintance of Henry Mathews and of his French wife, and was pleased with both. Madame Mathews he could so picture to himself, from what he had seen of her brother, that she was to him in a certain degree a personal acquaintance. With her and with his ward he walked in fancy through the historical portrait galleries of Versailles, discussing characters and countenances, and supplying passages from the works of authors, and stories from the lives of statesmen and soldiers, out of his own ample stores of memory. He had travelled to the picturesque ruins, the shooting lodge of Captain Cuffe ; but could only catch an unsatisfactory glimpse of certain incongruous associations,

of which he would have wished to have known more, but which were reserved for his after enjoyment. The day at Port Royal, upon which the two strange ladies were again met, the previous rencounter in the glen, having been vividly described, most deeply interested him. Then he travelled with a beating heart through the subsequent scenes of the revolution, transported at first by its opening promise ; but perceiving soon how little were the chances of a stable government being allowed to form out of furious passions and moody disappointments on one side, and quaking apprehension on the other, and subtle intrigues playing off both ; and all doomed to be swallowed up in the eternal remedy of despotism.

Mr. Douglas felt too deeply concerned about her whom he loved as his own child, to think of these events, extraordinary as they were, than as shifting scenes around the one central figure on whom his eye dwelt eternally. But when his own young friend, Justin Forbes, disappeared—when

he heard through whose hands he had been drawn into the vortex of the revolution—when the son first, and next the wife of that gentleman with whom he had formed an abiding friendship at Windermere, whose sufferings he had pitied, whose accomplishments had raised his admiration, whose refinement had touched his heart—when both, one after the other, seemed to come up to the troubled surface, as from an incantation, he felt his quiet home in Edinburgh too quiet; but his ward's letters, never before imperative, became so now, against his incurring needless danger. She assured him that she was herself in no peril—that the storm would soon blow over, and how happily would not they all receive him in their peaceful abode. Perhaps such injunctions would not have been acted upon had he not been swayed by a feeling of delicacy towards Count D'Avray, who properly considered himself answerable for the safety of his affianced wife, and he feared to hurt his sensitive feelings by an intrusive protection. He, an old man and a stranger,

what could he do if not take her away, a proposal to which neither was likely to pay attention? The reader knows how rapidly came the struggle and the victory over disorder; but what was the political drama in the eyes of Mr. Douglas, who could think only of the domestic catastrophe in which his dear ward performed so heroic a part.

After the account of Jerry's death, followed by his mother's loss of reason, the letters of Lady Softworth betrayed deep depression, which Mr. Douglas tried to combat with reasons sufficiently obvious, but which the fervour of his pen clothed with burning words. She had behaved well—she had done her duty—she had acted nobly, disinterestedly—and it was now incumbent upon her to think of others, if not of herself. If she allowed her spirits to sink and her life to waste away, what was to become of certain persons whom he needed not to name? It was time to put an end, so thought the wisely calculating old guardian, to such an unnecessary prolongation of melancholy; and he resolved

that he would go to Paris and to Versailles, and very resolutely put into execution his resolution to give the bride away. This he swore to himself by all the gods of Olympus, with his right hand upon his beloved Horace.

“The most welcome gifts which I could bring to my dear lady,” said Mr. Douglas to himself, “would be pleasant accounts from those in whom her kind heart takes interest.” So he resolved upon paying a visit on his way to Justin Forbes, at his step-father’s new establishment in the west of London. It was quite unlike the old place he remembered in the north end. No open shop-door inviting customers, but a closed one off the hall itself, approachable by a flight of steps, and only a few books as if thrown by accident into the windows, which were those of a private gentleman’s house. When Mr. Douglas inquired of a clerk who had come down from a remote distance to ask his business, if he could see his young friend, Just, the latter answered that there was no lad of that name in the

concern. The old gentleman looked hard at the clerk with his keen lively eyes, and the clerk gazed at the old gentleman's wide-awake travelling hat.

"You don't know Just?—Just Forbes?"

"Oh, you mean, Sir, the Editor of 'The Cornucopian.'"

"Well done, little Just! I should like to read his leading article?"

"So you shall, with pleasure, Mr. Douglas, after I have touched it up," said an elderly lady, whom Mr. Douglas recognised immediately to be Mrs. Maltheson. They shook hands cordially, but Mr. Douglas declined the pinch of snuff which was offered from a very splendid gold box, of foreign design and workmanship, which being noticed, as expected, the lady proudly acknowledged it to be a present from abroad, brought by the young editor. She returned it to her pocket, and took out one in horn, of the shape of a shoe, with the toe curling up, communicating the curious information that she only presented the gold box to friends, making use of the more homely one

on ordinary occasions. Then Mr. Maltheson appeared, looking more portly and grave, but relaxing immediately upon hearing the name of Mr. Douglas, whom he and Mrs. Maltheson invited to look over their new establishment, with which he was greatly pleased. When Mr. Douglas mentioned the object of his visit, which was to be able to bring over good accounts to Lady Softworth of her young friend, the mother sighed at so promising a diplomatic career having been cut short; whereupon Mr. Maltheson stood up bravely for the honour of his calling, contending that his step-son's talents would be better employed in spreading useful truths than in making godlike speech the means of hiding thoughts.

“Ah! recollect, Malt, if it hadn't been for me you would not have sent the money for that capital article.”

“By which, Mant, you made me help ‘The Red Republic.’”

“The poor fellows would have been drawn to *ateliers nationaux* had not a mother's instincts directed me upon that occasion.”

As Mr. Douglas did not understand the allusion, the lady told the story of the paper that had been anonymously communicated, and how it had turned out to be the composition of Mr. Obady Mathews, an old pupil of Mr. Maltheson, and that it was followed by a still better article from Paris, in which her own son Just had an important share, and all this seasoned with an account of the great discussion between her husband and herself about the remittance of the money by post, which very much diverted Mr. Douglas, who declared that he had prognosticated Just's future eminence, from the style of his translation of the ode *Ad Delium*; and when the young editor made his appearance, embraced him very cordially.

"Why have you got crape upon your hat?" asked his mother, rather sharply.

"I put it on as a mark of sympathy with Obady Mathews," answered Just, with a touch of his old simplicity breaking out. "You know that I come from the funeral of his father?"

“ You sympathise, Just, with somebody besides Mr. Obadiah.”

Just coloured slightly, and with another touch of his open way he exclaimed, “ Well, his death has led to one good result, it gets rid of Soapey — it does. Obady, with all his efforts to follow in the footsteps of Mr. Samson Shepherd, could not get over Soapey. He was his eye-sore, his great temptation, the lion in his path ; and now that Soapey finds that Miss Mathews only gets a fair share of the property — for she being her father’s favourite he counted upon injustice being done the rest — he declares off, and we are all delighted.”

“ How did it happen ? ” inquired Mrs. Maltheson, her curiosity carrying her over Just’s use of the first person plural.

“ Well, this way. When Mathews felt himself dying he became very cowardly in spirit. How could it be otherwise, seeing that throughout his whole life his conduct had been moved by fear, not love ? — fear of want and of the devil, and love for nobody, had proved a bad support for Mr. Elias Mathews.

No one could relieve his terror but Obady, whom he would not allow to quit his bedside for a moment — for Obady is a manly fellow, full of courage and of affection, and ready to lay down his life in a good cause. He it was who soothed, supported, elevated the poor trembling man. Then it was that Mr. Mathews, to relieve his conscience, made a disposition of his property, which —. We'll talk no more of Soapey."

"Give me your hand, my dear young friend; it will make Lady Softworth so happy to hear from me what a fine fellow you are grown. I must call upon your friend Obady, too."

"I wish, Sir, when you are in the neighbourhood, you would also call upon Mrs. Masterman and Julia; she is a lovely girl. She and Obady are, I believe, engaged."

"I certainly shall call upon all Lady Softworth's friends and acquaintances. Indeed, I have no other business in town, save to collect good news with which to cheer her."

Perceiving that Just held down his head and looked sorrowful, Mr. Douglas took

leave of the Malthesons, and proceeded to pay his promised visits, through which we need not accompany him, contenting ourselves with saying that wherever he went he brought his own atmosphere of benevolent brightness.

Before Mr. Douglas arrived at the house of the Mathews' in Versailles, one whom he had never seen, but of whom he had heard much, and in whom he felt deeply interested, was taken away from this world to join the son whose face she had not seen from birth until the moment he turned towards the new-found mother a last look of dying agony. Kate's reason never returned — one might have supposed that her soul had accompanied her son's, leaving for a while a certain mechanical life in the automaton that remained — but remained under some heavenly guardianship ; for whenever she broke from her sombre inertness by the side of Edward, it was to sing to him as she had done of old, fancying herself back in her young days, when he was a sufferer and Kate the one who brought him out of dark-

ness by the melody that awakened the torpid feelings, and tuned his disordered spirit. It was to him a serene, melancholy joy to repay the debt by caring for her now, as she had cared for him. She could bear no other presence; in any other company than his she would relapse into her stone-like state. There was an exception. With Lady Softworth's appearance her countenance would brighten with an ecstasy beyond mortal, and the vision of two ascending to the regions of bliss would return and remain permanent before her eyes so long as she was there. As it was not thought well to revive this state of excitement, inexpressibly divine though it seemed, Edward became her almost sole companion, he hoping that the dim confusion of memory would clear and settle into eventual recognition, and that he and she, before they left this world for a better, would have one hour of conscious society together.

Was it so? No one can tell. There were conjectures, indeed, which no one had the hard courage to seek to verify. All

had observed the noble, satisfied calmness with which, after a long day passed without witnesses, Edward announced, with unfaltering voice, that he could die pleased; for it had been accorded to his prayer that he should close her eyes, after they had recognised him. He said no more.

It was while the family were under this tender shadow, they not sorrowing for a death which was a peaceful release, and yet not joyful, that Mr. Douglas arrived amongst them. The delight with which he was received did of itself render the return of melancholy hardly possible. Then, when all were sufficiently composed to listen to him, he had much to tell which was refreshing to hear—the career for life of Justin Forbes and of Obady Mathews was fixed—the one a man of letters, the other a man of action, and both in their union complete. If Lady Softworth and Count D'Avray learned with joy that their expectations of fine talent and disposition were not to be disappointed, Madame Mathews looked with an expression of proud

congratulation towards Obady's uncle ; for had she not augured well of him whose mistakes were noble? The attachment of Justin Forbes to Henry's niece, Cicely, and of Obady to Julia, delicately alluded to by the shrewd old gentleman, in whose sympathising heart lay a key to little love secrets, lent, in the ladies' eyes, additional charm to the promising position of the two boy friends, for boys they still were in years and in heart, but men in vigorous purity of purpose, and of understanding early developed by direct contact with extraordinary events and ripening experience.

After the day had been appointed for the wedding between Count D'Avray and Lady Softworth, a note was received by Mr. Douglas from Edward, the widower, requesting the favour of a private interview upon a matter of importance. The latter lived in a house close by, which he had taken for the comfort of his poor Kate, and which, like most French hotels, being of large size, looked the more lonely. Edward, although, as we have noticed, pre-

maturely grey, and with a pale-worn countenance, looked nevertheless unusually cheerful. He was attired, of course, in deep mourning, and his dress became his appearance, which combined with that of the gentleman something that can perhaps best be expressed by the word sanctified. He began at once by a reference to his recent loss, first of son, and next of wife, without exhibiting any wish to avoid the subject, for, instead of its being suggestive of pain, it was rather a consolation to him to talk of those who were ever in his thoughts, in whose presence he believed himself to be, and whose company he felt he should soon join, for he was convinced that he had not long to live. In fine, he told Mr. Douglas that his purpose in sending for him was to request his professional assistance, Mr. Douglas being a lawyer, in the preparation of his last will and testament. Mr. Douglas having promptly assented, Edward began by intimating to him that his property was not so extensive as the world generally supposed ; for that his late

father had been obliged to pay large sums of money on account of a certain Lady Fitzspinning; and he himself not having taken any part in the banking establishment, of which his father had been the head, had neglected the opportunities that offered of improving his fortune. Nevertheless, the sums of which he had to dispose were not inconsiderable. His intention was, he said, to bequeath the bulk of his fortune to Lady Softworth and her husband. Out of the remainder he desired handsome provision to be made for those two young gentlemen who had been friends of his son, and of whom Mr. Douglas had spoken so admiringly. He rejoiced to hear that their way of life had been chosen; and it was his wish that, without being rendered too rich to dispense with necessity for exertion, they should each be ensured against wearing and depressing combat with every-day want. It would have been his wish to bestow a good sum upon Mr. Samson Shepherd; but he was aware, from what he knew of the worthy man's character, that

it would be all given away, yet he would afford him that pleasure, one of the greatest he enjoyed, of finding himself able to add to his charities. Nor was the excellent Dr. Singleton forgotten, who was, moreover, appointed his executor. While giving these instructions, Edward, as he named each name, related his intimacy with, and experience of each, so that he was led to a sort of narrative of his whole life, to the extreme edification of his tender-hearted listener, who declared frequently afterwards that he had never passed a day in which all the feelings of his soul had been so deeply moved. Much as he rejoiced at the prospects of fortune for his ward and her husband, and gratified as he was at being made the confidant and instrument of such liberal intentions, yet the overpowering wish of his soul was for length of life to the man whom he took to his heart and embraced with affection. But it was only too evident that Edward was not mistaken as to his condition. There was possibly no cause for immediate apprehension. His life might

even be protracted for years — yet whether long or short, it seemed certain that the rest of his days would not be unhappy. Freed from suspense and anxiety, he had settled into a state of composed, and even satisfied resignation. He was in the society of friends whom he deeply esteemed, and to whom it was a happiness to administer to his comfort, and he asked no more. Indeed, he declared that, however strange it might appear to Mr. Douglas, he would not exchange his condition with that of any man living. Mr. Douglas did not think the assurance by any means strange. Having made these dispositions of his property, Edward, with a sad, sweet smile, said to his venerable friend that he had been making an ideal will; for that, imagining himself to be of extraordinary wealth, he had been leaving bequests to various institutions, whose establishment would go far to improve the state of society.

“’Tis but a dream, however,—perhaps the sick dream of a dying man—of one

who takes the last flickerings for a steady light—flashes that only exhibit things under an instantaneous flame, which looked at closely and long might appear differently.”

“What if it should prove to be the purer vision of a cleansed eye? Let me hear the dream, if dream it be.”

“Having no system, I have no right to dogmatise.”

“My dear friend, how is it that some of the greatest teachers the world has ever seen have left the most scanty records of their mental labours? What have we of Socrates, in whom culminated, unaided human wisdom, save a few conversations? What of one greater than he, who not only was inspired, but the source of inspiration, save a few principles, illustrated by a few parables? So much for system.”

“Then my tongue may wander as it will?”

“Ay, scatter the good seed at random.”

“I leave and bequeath to the parish authorities, or the Government, or both,

complete despotic power over all houseless children."

"I suppose," interrupted Mr. Douglas, "you refer to the London Arabs. Well, to be sure, as I drove along the Strand, enjoying the prodigious ocean of city life from my seat by the side of an omnibus driver, I was struck with the youthful energy displayed by these poor, ragged, starving, homeless orphans—how they kept up with the horses, spreading out their brawny little chests, and whirling their bare feet wheels round as they threw summersaults! They surely should be deprived, as you say, of the liberty of wasting such splendid human energy. Yes; they should be taken from under archways and doorways at midnight, and made brave soldiers or sailors. It is the very cruelty of pedantic adhesion to the letter, while blaspheming the spirit of respect for the liberty of the subject."

"You of course are aware, Mr. Douglas, that France owes her escape from a crisis in which society itself might have been in-

volved to boys like these. Yes ; the *Garde Mobile*, whose fidelity gave the victory to Cavaignac in the days of June, was composed of City Arabs."

"I write down your bequest of despotic power," said Mr. Douglas, entering into Edward's humour.

"Understanding! I do not think any one wants the little portion which I have to leave. Nor is it understanding which people most need with regard to their material interests. So I will, if you please, bequeath my conscience to the employers of the lowest kind of unskilled labour."

"Why the lowest kind?"

"Because it is the only kind for which we need a standard of value. Skill will always command fair reward. It is for the helpless, who are obliged by fear of present starvation to accept whatever masters choose to extort, that protection is needed. Now, my principle is, that a man or a woman working for another should be treated as well as animals sharing their drudgery — that is to say, fed, clothed, and housed, or

paid as much as will provide necessities, with a surplus against old age."

"It seems a simple idea, and yet the world, in its boasted progress, has not reached so far."

"Wherefore it is that I bequeath my conscience to employers. But this is tomfoolery, is it not?"

Mr. Douglas only gave a sigh.

"To come, however, to more immediate purpose, let me tell you, Mr. Douglas, that there remains a sum of money of which I have not yet disposed. Lady Softworth (here his voice faltered slightly) Lady Softworth and I have at times talked of a particular class of persons — the pariahs of our society — the lost, the degraded victims of those who ought to treat females with the tenderness and respect due to infantile trust and weakness — for woman, even in the maturity of her life, retains something of the fresh and engaging qualities of childhood — the dews of dawn ever hang about her, lighted up by unquenchable love. It is of such that Lady Softworth and I have

at times talked ; it is for them we have planned houses of refuge. She will administer this trust the more rightly because of her own sweet purity. She is the one to pass unscathed through the ordeals of wickedness — the thickest strewn fiery ploughshares would respect her holy feet.”

Mr. Douglas shrewdly perceived the rising excitement ; and thinking it would be dangerous to encourage, by sharing an enthusiasm that might, as he apprehended, bring back the old mental disarrangement, he affected to take the proposition in a cool, business-like manner, and wrote down the bequest in due legal form.

Laying down the pen, and throwing back his head, Mr. Douglas observed, “ You must be so far right that, concerning a science which professes to deal with human labour, there can be no laws separated from morals and religion, without their being vitiated by fallacies, and that heart and head must go together. I wish I were twenty years younger, for the study of these problems.”

“ You are younger than I am,” replied Edward, with a smile of meaning.

“ I hope not,” said Mr. Douglas, shaking him cordially by the hand and taking leave.

The marriage of Count D’Avray and Lady Softworth was celebrated with little pomp. The simplicity of the ceremonial only served to exhibit in bolder relief the Count’s distinction of manner, and the bride’s sedate loveliness. The happiness that presided over the festival took up abode with them for ever.

The good-natured Captain Cuffe offered his picturesque mansion to the bride and bridegroom ; but although Mrs. M’Crone, *née* Sally Styles, had done her best to render the ex-residence of the Monks of Citeaux comfortable, the happy pair could not reject the invitation of the dear Père Douglas to spend the honeymoon in Scotland.

THE END.

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